

WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 11, 1978 \$1.25



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JOHN ZIMMERMAN FOCUSES IN ON WINTER

If there is anything that upsets John Zimmerman, it is an interruption when he has the perfect ski photograph in sharp focus, speed and F-stop all set, his finger about to click the shutter. Still, there was a sense of urgency in the shouts coming from the skiers far across the canyon, so Zimmerman lowered his camera (after shooting the picture, of course) and tried to hear what was being said. It was 7:15 on a bright spring morning at Colorado's Vail ski resort. "I couldn't hear what they were yelling," Zimmerman says, "so I skied on ahead a bit and got ready to shoot some more. And that's when this avalanche came swooshing down about 30 feet behind me."

But if Zimmerman finally got the message, he got the pictures as well: the panoramic view of Vail's China Bowl on pages 46-47, shot shortly before the snowslide, is one result of the assignment. Zimmerman had to visit Vail twice last spring—the light wasn't right the first time—and he also went to Taos, N. Mex., Jackson Hole, Wyo., and Park City, Utah, to capture the special excitement of bowl skiing. He wound up at Lake Placid, N.Y., in April to photograph the new ski fashions and gear for the section that begins on page 40. This time there were no interrup-

tions: the day he arrived the resort closed for the season, and Zimmerman was the last man on the mountain. Not only were there no avalanches, there was hardly any snow.

Senior Writer William Oscar Johnson skied a number of bowls, including those photographed by Zimmerman, in a quest to determine exactly what makes a ski bowl a bowl. He explains it in his story on page 47. While Johnson was skiing and scouting, Staff Writer Julie Campbell was busy gathering material for her report on what is noteworthy in alpine and nordie gear for the new season.

The final story for the issue was a result of unusually felicitous timing. Johnson and another photographer, Willis Wood, were in Telluride, Colo., on the March afternoon that 28-year-old mountaineer Jeff Lowe decided to climb the frozen Bridalveil waterfall. He would climb it alone, a feat never before attempted, and much of the time without the aid of rope. Johnson's story of what happened next begins on page 94.

It was on his second trip to Vail that Zimmerman figured the only way he could capture exactly the right early-morning light was to spend the night atop the mountain. Cameras packed in racksacks, he did just that, bunking down in a ski-patrol shack on wind-swept Vail Mountain. "It was some terrible ordeal," says John. "All I had to keep body and soul together were a wonderful steak cooked over a charcoal grill and a couple of bottles of an excellent red wine."

As for Johnson, reports that he broke his left leg while skiing the bowls for SI are unfounded. He broke it after skiing the bowls, when he fell during a climbing expedition on Mount Shasta in California. He was enjoying a day off at the time.

Robert F. Sutton

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BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

AT LONG LAST, THE DEFINITIVE WORK ON THAT LOWLY GARMENT, THE T-SHIRT

This year's sleeper among the slew of books that always come out at Christmastime for the active, sports-minded reader is *The Illustrated History of the T-Shirt* (Chamilton & Irving, \$15.95) by the former husband-and-wife team of Rafael and Kimberly Lopez-Houlihan, who have taken what appears to be a mundane subject and given us an important cultural document.

Among other things, the Lopez-Houlihan reveal that the T-shirt has a long and illustrious history, dating back to the second century A.D., when the Emperor Hadrian wore a black T-shirt while announcing exorcisms. In America, Puritans denounced the garment as "Satan's shirt," believing thus, because it had no collar, the Devil could find his way down the wearer's spine and, hence, into his soul. It appears, too (though the documentation is a bit sketchy here) that the name of the shirt derives not from its shape but from the fact that in the 17th century, longshoremen in Annapolis, Md. wore collarless shirts while unloading tea; this was to avoid having the little bits of leaf get caught in their collars and rich them. (As the authors point out, tea bugs came along much later.)

Dealing with more recent times, the Lopez-Houlihan examine the phenomenon of printing words on T-shirts. How did this curious custom come about? Houlihan cites the prohibition against billboards on interstate; Lopez points to the increased use of instant replay (One of them would seem to be barking up the wrong tree.) In any event, readers—especially those who favor "verbal" T-shirts—are in for a shock. With the aid of a Ford Foundation grant, the authors found that 79% of verbal T-shirt wearers were mentally defective. By comparison, only 68% of tattooed people fall into this category.

Another of their revolutionary discoveries is that 81% of those who prefer verbal T-shirts are expressing a subconscious desire to be automobiles, the so-called "back-word" T-shirts serving as bumper-sticker substitutes.

The authors further report that those who wear T-shirts with vulgar slogans are sexually dysfunctional and unable to cope with the opposite sex except in T-shirt dialogue.

The Illustrated History of the T-Shirt is also a fashion guide. Space permits citing only a couple of the Lopez-Houlihan tips:

- Tucking T-shirts in pony hose is a no-no.
- Be careful you don't put a T-shirt on backward. How to be sure? The little tag inside the neck goes in the back.

END

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Shopwalk

by DENNIE STATHOPOLOS

WOLVES HOWL, WHALES SING, EAGLES SCREAM IN A REALLY WILD JAM SESSION

Music may have "charms to soothe the savage beast" but in his latest album, *Common Ground* (A&M Records, Inc., \$7.98), saxophonist Paul Winter has turned the old saying around. It is the beasts who do the soothing. Among the featured artists are a timber wolf, a humpback whale and an African fish eagle, whose utterances were recorded by conservationists, then interwoven with man-made music. The animals get full credit on the album jacket for their part in "writing" the compositions: the blurb for the selection *Wolf Eyes* lists "music by Timber Wolf, Paul Winter and David Darling", *Ocean Dreams*, "music by Humpback Whale and Paul Winter, words by Paul Winter", and *Eagle*, "music by African Fish Eagle and Paul McCandless". The creatures even collect royalty fees, which go to various wildlife organizations.

The album is not just a compilation of sound effects; it is wonderfully melodic. For *Wolf Eyes*, Winter played his saxophone in the middle of a wolf preserve in Indiana one very cold night and was answered by a wolf pack. Most of the pack soon grew tired of howling, though one she-wolf sang with Winter long into the night. The result of this duet was not only the hauntingly beautiful *Wolf Eyes*, but also an important scientific observation: "For four nights after Winter left," says Dr. Ench Klinghammer, director of the preserve, "we heard the wolf with whom he had been playing, howling in a manner that had been distinctly influenced by the tune Winter had played on his saxophone. It was probably the first known observation of imitative behavior in wolf-pack patterns."

Of *Ocean Dreams*, Winter says, "It was the whales' own music that originally led me to them and to the sea. I had heard extraordinary underwater recordings of their 'songs.' " Winter, who played his saxophone to gray whales from a small raft off Vancouver Island and from a rowboat off Baja California, found that the whales came to the surface, apparently to listen to him. Their interest inspired him to put human words to their music.

Winter subsequently discovered that the wolf, eagle and whale all "sang" in the key of D flat. "I've enjoyed speculating," he says, "on whether this is a lucky coincidence, or a gift from the Muse. I was told by a teacher once that in some esoteric systems, D flat is considered to be the key of the Earth."

The *Common Ground* album is sold in most record stores; it is also available in 8-track tape and cassette. **END**

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Sideline

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

YOU GET A LOT OF RACKET FROM THE MAGNIFICENT GREEN TENNIS MACHINE

It only takes a few minutes of conversation with James L. Cox to understand why this crew-cut ex-bosser and one-time member of the Junior Davis Cup squad has turned himself into a corporation. Conglomerate is perhaps a more accurate term. Cox, 59, of Honey Brook, Pa., is a pilot, a mechanic, a teacher of fly-fishing, a sporting-goods dealer, an inventor, a cross-country skier and a triathlete, to mention not all of the endeavors he zealously pursues. A few years ago he installed an English-type grouse walk on his 240-acre farm on the eastern edge of the Pennsylvania Dutch country and for awhile he and his neighbors took part in some of the most unusual shooting anywhere this side of the Atlantic. Now Cox has unveiled his latest brainchild, a space-age creation that seems to fall midway between Rube Goldberg and Star Trek. He calls this complex collection of lights, gauges and dials, the Magnificent Green Tennis Machine.

The product of a number of years of thought, three years of effort—in association with electronic engineers from Sperry-Univac and MIT—and more than \$35,000, the machine is at least partially green; it does indeed involve tennis and it may actually prove to be of some value, if not exactly magnificent, to tennis players seeking to improve their games. What Cox' machine does—or, at least, what Cox says it does—is scientifically match a specific player to a specific racket, a mating that until now has been achieved only through trial and error.

Differences among racket frames involve considerably more than the obvious ones of cost, workmanship and cosmetics. Flex, stiffness, softness, grip size, weight and composition are only a few of the factors that come into play. The Dunlop Maxply Fort racket, for example, which has been around for years but which Cox considers to be the most complex ever built, is made of 25 separate pieces of laminated woods, including ash, beech, hickory, maple, mahogany and obeche.

Cox, who has been evaluating, testing, playing with and selling rackets for most of his life, is well aware of the problems that the tennis tyro faces. "The beginner walks into a store and sees a wall full of rackets," says Cox. "I asked a department store clerk recently what kind of racket he thought I should buy. He said, 'Buddy, I don't know anything about rackets. When you find one

continued

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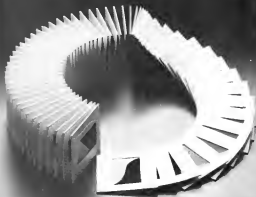


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SIDELINE continued

you like, I'll ring it up for you." That's what a lot of beginners run up against. Utter confusion. The purpose of my machine is to end that confusion. We start by eliminating 90% of those rackets."

Cox does this by first making a psychological and visual evaluation of the player, beginning with a series of nine questions—e.g., "Do you know the exact name and model of the tennis racket you now own?"—drawn up by a psychologist friend, Dr. David Reed. According to Cox, the answers, combined with a visual appraisal of such obvious physical characteristics as age, weight, height and appearance, present a comprehensive picture of one's psychological and physical makeup. Cox then compares this picture with a numbered chart that evaluates the physical characteristics of some 80 rackets, until he comes up with the best five person-racket combinations.

Enter the Magnificent Green Tennis Machine for the final stage of racket selection. The player hits five balls, dropped at identical speeds from an overhead arm, with each of the finalist rackets. The speed of the racket head as it strikes the ball and the speed of the ball after it is hit are measured electronically. From these measurements, an efficiency factor (EF) is computed. To eliminate the possibility of mis-hits giving a false EF, only solid hits are computed. The racket that produces the optimum EF is, Cox contends, the right one.

This formula sounds almost too simple, but Cox says it works. So far he has programmed more than 1,000 tennis players at all levels of skill and he says that when they switched to rackets selected by the machine, they showed marked improvement. Beginners are more difficult to match with rackets, of course, but Cox is convinced that his invention also benefits their games if only by giving the psychological lift of knowing that from the start they are playing with the best racket for them.

Says Cox, "In the sense that all of us want the very best and not just something good, the machine is the scientific corroboration of the best."

The Magnificent Green Tennis Machine is currently ensconced in Cox' Bryn Mawr, Pa. sporting-goods shop where he is using it to build a data bank on person-racket combinations. Ultimately he would like to interest a large sports equipment manufacturer in using his machine to design rackets for specific types of players.

"This machine would take racket selection out of the hands of the tennis pros," Cox says, "and free them to teach. It would eliminate the need for resident pros in shops and department stores. And it would certainly sell rackets. Ninety percent of those who have been tested on the machine have bought a new racket."

END



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Of course, the real world is also filled with lots of nice smooth highways and perfectly-paved streets. And if a Honda is designed to handle potholes, imagine how well it must handle on all those roads where there aren't any.

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SCORECARD

edited by WILLIAM LEGGETT

BIG RED MACHINATIONS

Sparky Anderson was fired last week as manager of the Cincinnati Reds, a move that stunned not only Sparky but also a lot of baseball fans and brought into somewhat sharper focus the blurry picture of 50-year-old Dick Wagner, the Reds' executive vice-president and general manager, the man who pulled the trigger on Sparky. In nine seasons as Red manager, Anderson had averaged 96 victories a year and an overall .596 winning percentage, topped only in baseball's "modern" times by Joe McCarthy with the Yankees (.614) and Frank (The Fearless Leader) Selee, who managed the Chicago Cubs into the 1900s. Selee beat out Anderson for second place by .002.

Sparky's team now becomes new Manager John McNamara's band, but McNamara will probably begin spring training without free agent Pete Rose, whom Wagner could not persuade to remain in Cincinnati. In 1979 the Reds may also lose slugger George Foster and two-time MVP Joe Morgan to free agency.

In each of the last two years the Big Red Machine lost the Western Division to the Los Angeles Dodgers when the Cincy organization was unable to provide the team with adequate pitching. In fact, Red pitchers yielded nearly a run more per game than Dodger pitchers. Wagner has been promotion director for the ice Capucios, a radio-station general manager in Salina, Kans., and manager of the Lincoln Pershing Auditorium in Nebraska; he also put in 11 years in minor league baseball and has been with Cincinnati for the past 11 seasons, mostly as the hatchet man for club President Bob Howsam.

Wagner's detractors (he has already been hung in effigy in Cincy by a 54-year-old widow) maintain that he fired Anderson because Sparky did not speak out strongly against Rose's defection, and that coaches Ted Kluszewski, Alex Grammas, Larry Shepard and George Scheer were scrapped because they accept-

ed Jeeps from Rose as "expressions of gratitude."

In McNamara, Wagner said, "We now have the man to take us in a new direction." McNamara has hardly been known as a dynamic leader, however, and a lot of folks believe that without Rose, and dependent on aging stars, Cincinnati's new direction will be downward, just like its old one. Probably the most pertinent remark made thus far about Anderson's dismissal came from Rose when he was recalling a recent conversation with Atlanta owner Ted Turner, who tried to get Pete to join the Braves.

"Pete," Turner said, "I just want you to play for the Braves for a couple of years, until they fire Dick Wagner. Then you can go home to Cincinnati where you belong."

EYES EAST

Now for the out-of-town college football score of last week: Brigham Young 28, Nevada-Las Vegas 24 at Yokohama. This week's out-of-towner will come from Korakuen Stadium in Tokyo, where Temple, with a record of 6-3-1, plays Boston College (0-10), Brigham Young, bound for the Dec. 22 Holiday Bowl in San Diego, where it meets Navy, defeated Nevada-Las Vegas at Yokohama Stadium before 25,500, on a field of AstroTurf. Temple's and BC's meeting in Korakuen, where the capacity is 55,000, is called the Mirage Bowl.

Football in Japan, however, is no longer a mirage. It is becoming a very big business. Odd as it might have seemed a decade ago, America's most publicized team, Notre Dame, will play in the Mirage Bowl on Nov. 24, 1979. Its opponent will be the University of Miami; the Hurricanes switched the site from the Orange Bowl (capacity 80,045) in order to make the trip.

Miami and Notre Dame are expected to receive about \$200,000 each for their Mirage Bowl appearances, and perhaps as much as \$250,000 more per school from television rights. Naturally, all ex-

penses will be paid, and those will run high in a land where a cup of coffee costs \$1.25 and a Coke \$1.

Japan's sports boom continues merrily on, the initiation fee at Koganei Club, one of the country's top golf courses, now runs to \$175,000, and greens and caddy fees at others are as high as \$80.

Recently the Cincinnati Reds played 17 games in Japan before an average of 32,000 spectators so Notre Dame playing in Tokyo certainly seems to make sense. Lou Sabat, the coach at Miami, says, "It's a great trip and an opportunity for our kids to see parts of the world they'll probably never see again. It is also a kind of status symbol and will certainly help our recruiting." Football fans should prepare themselves for a wild-card team from Japan making it into the NFL playoffs. Probably call itself the Kamikaze Pilots.



BELIEVE IN WORMS

Until two weeks ago Texas and Baylor had met 61 times in college football, with Texas winning 44 games. Ah, but their 62nd meeting will become the stuff of legend. Texas entered the game with a 7-2 record; Baylor was 2-8 but seemingly snake-bitten, having lost its first five games to Georgia, Kentucky, Ohio State, Houston and SMU by a total of 21 points. Oddsmakers established Texas as a 12½-point favorite. But in one of 1978's biggest upsets, Baylor won 38-14.

A strange story has now been unearthed about Baylor's win. Coach Grant Teaff, whose autobiography is titled *Believe*, started his game day by driving

continued

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around Waco searching for a worm. He finally located some in a bait store and "chose one about half as big around as my little finger and four or five inches long." Teaff "washed the worm up real good, then put the worm in a vase and put the vase in my pocket." During warmups Teaff looked into the vase, and discovered "the rascal died on me."

Five minutes before Baylor took the field, Teaff told his players a story about two men fishing. One was catching a lot of fish, the other none. Why? Well, the good fisherman explained to his buddy, "I keep the worms warm in my mouth."

Teaff then pulled the worm from the vase and held it up before his players, saying, "I'll be the toughest coach on the field! I'll be keeping the worms warm!" With that he put the worm in his mouth. His team raced out to the field. Before arriving at the sidelines himself, Teaff spat the dead worm out.

Thus far Teaff has not indicated that he will use his worm trick next season, but should he decide to do so, somebody in the English department might remind him of William Spooner's reason for expelling a student: "You have deliberately tasted two worms . . . and you can leave Oxford by the next town drain."

RE FOR SUPER-MEX

Almost without attention, Lee Trevino this year passed Arnold Palmer and moved into second place on golf's all-time money-winning list. While Trevino's Professional Golf Association earnings of \$1.8 million are still a long way from Jack Nicklaus' \$3.3 million, and while Tom Watson, Hubert Green, Nicklaus, Andy Bean and Dr. Gil Morgan earned more money in 1978, Trevino had his best year in the last seven. Finally recovering from the severe back problems that had plagued him since 1976, he took in \$228,723, a healthy sum even considering today's inflated purses.

Trevino competed in 25 tournaments and pocketed checks in 24, missing out only at the Tournament Players Championship at Sawgrass near Jacksonville, Fla. in March. "Sawgrass," he said at the time, "isn't a bad course, considering it's the best one designed by Ray Charles."

The PGA's final statistics for 1978 reveal other things of interest to the millions of mortals who swing a club as if trying to shoo a cat with a broom. These are just a few.

This year five of the 24 players who

earned more than \$100,000 failed to win a single tournament. Bob Gilder bugged \$72,515 and never finished in the top three in his 31 starts. Keith Fergus, a second-year player out of Sugarland, Texas, played the most rounds (117); Nicklaus, a 17-year player out of Fort Knox, Ky., the fewest (56). Hale Irwin won none of his 22 tournaments but got a check every time he teed it up, and earned \$191,666. Irwin also ran his record to 86 tournament starts without missing a cut, dating back to 1975. Dean Refram, Max Anderson and Jack Sommers won \$94, \$90 and \$43 respectively.

Probably also because of inflation, holes in one in tour tournaments increased from 16 in 1977 to 30 in 1978, with five of them coming at Whitemarsh near Philadelphia. Nearly one-quarter of all tournaments played (10 of 42) resulted in playoffs but only one went beyond two extra holes.

Also unlike mere mortals, the pros managed to get rained out only twice on either a Saturday or a Sunday.

EYES WEST

Two weeks from now, Santa Anita will open its 42nd season, offering the best winter thoroughbred racing in the world. Affirmed will run there and so will Exceller, along with a spectacular 3-year-old named Rader Ahead and a highly promising California-bred Kentucky Derby candidate called Flying Paster. But what isn't going to be at Santa Anita may turn out to be the most important news of all.

Santa Anita is dropping exacta betting, in which bettors are required to pick the finish of a race exactly 1-2. Gamblers capable of doing so are often rewarded with huge payoffs, but it is no secret that more than 90% of racing's recent scandals have evolved from races on which exotic wagers of one type or another were allowed. Santa Anita thus became the first major track to drop an exotic form of wagering. The move will be closely watched by tracks everywhere. Management really is saying that it knows what the problem is and is willing to bet that the cure is to eliminate opportunities for chicanery.

WITS END

This is the time of year when Boston Red Sox fans should be left alone. Nobody should ever remind them of that 14-game lead which went poof. Yet things keep

piling on. Bad things. In mid-November Luis Tiant exercised his right to free-agency, flipped a farewell cigar ash at Fenway Park and joined the Damn Yankees. If that wasn't enough to make a fan leap from the tower of the Old North Church, a more recent decision by radio station WITS was. The station has fired its outstanding baseball announcers, Ned Martin and Jim Woods.

WITS is the flagship station for the Sox radio network, and this means that the most popular announcing team in Boston sports history is gone for good. Martin and Lewis were not, nor were they even Rowan and Martin. Just Martin and Woods, the best day-in, day-out announcers covering the American League, and that was good enough for Red Sox fans.

Obviously it wasn't good enough for Joe Scallan, president of WITS. Scallan said he fired Martin and Woods because they weren't spending enough time mingling with sponsors in the VIP lounges at Fenway "for the constant marketing exposure." WITS is now being bombarded by adverse newspaper comments andirate phone calls, but Scallan is sticking by his decision and has announced that Martin and Woods are being replaced by Ken Coleman and Rico Petrocelli.

"Yaz digs in again. The count is one ball, one strike. Gossage peers in, picks up the sign from Munson. Burleson leads off third, Remy off first. Here's the pitch. Yaz swings and it's . . . down to you, Rico, in the VIP room."

THEY SAID IT

● Sam Rutigliano, Cleveland Browns coach, on how to stop Seattle's scrambling quarterback, Jim Zorn: "Well, you could give your outside linebackers hand grenades."

● Johnny Walker, disc jockey at Baltimore radio station WSBR: "The University of Maryland football team members all make straight As. Their Bs are a little crooked."

● Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.), who has been distributing his Golden Fleece awards to perpetrators of what he considers government waste, after giving one to the Interior Department for putting a \$145,000 wave-making machine in the Salt Lake City community swimming pool: "It can be said that for the first time federal bureaucrats are making waves. In the meantime, the taxpayers are getting soaked." **END**



Season's Greetings

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THE BRONCOS SAY



Gradishar snatched up van Eglen's fumble and rumbled 30 yards for Denver's last touchdown



Jackson's goal-line interception thwarted an early Raider drive



Oakland's ultimate oddity came when Guy's punt was blocked

THANKS

Denver's winning weapons in its showdown game at Oakland consisted mostly of Raider largesse: penalties, fumbles, a blocked kick and three interceptions
by JOE MARSHALL



The Grange Crush sacked Stabler four times and eventually forced him to leave the game in pain

CONTINUED

The corporate slogan of the Oakland Raiders is "Pride and Pose," but now they may have to change it to "Agony and Frustration." Last Sunday night in Oakland, the Denver Broncos—who have not been all that proud or poised themselves—drubbed the Raiders 21-6 in their showdown for first place in the AFC West. The defeat probably knocked Oakland out of the playoffs—for the first time in seven years. Denver now has beaten Oakland in four of their last five meetings, and in sweeping this season's two games Denver's dominance was so complete that the Oakland offense—Kenny Stabler and friends—never even scored a touchdown.

If the Raiders do spend Christmas at home, they need not worry about putting any presents under the tree for their friends the Broncos because they played Santa Claus to perfection Sunday night. The Raiders controlled the first 21 minutes of the game by tearing through Denver's Orange Crush defense from every direction, and that should have broken the Broncos then and there. Oakland ran off 38 plays and pounded away for 168 yards on its first three possessions. Meanwhile, Denver had the ball for just eight plays and gained a measly nine yards.

But this season Stabler has turned from a home-run slugger into a .183 singles hitter, and all Oakland had to show for its prowess was a 6-0 lead—on 27- and 37-yard field goals by Errol Mann. Oakland's other drive became a wipeout when the scraggly-bearded Stabler—an enigma all season, even to the Raiders—tried to force the ball to Fred Biletnikoff at the goal line and had it picked off by Denver Safety Bernard Jackson. For Stabler, it was his 24th interception of the season; he made it a career-high 25 later in the game when he killed another Oakland drive by throwing a pass into the arms of Safety Bill Thompson.

Oakland really began to show the true holiday spirit midway through the second quarter. Denver drove 69 yards for a Rob Lytle touchdown and a 7-6 lead, and more than half of the yardage on that march—35 yards, to be exact—was

picked up on penalties called on the Raiders. Denver's best weapon, in fact, turned out to be Oakland Defensive End John Matuszak, whose two personal fouls conferred 30 yards on the Broncos and kept their offense alive. If the Broncos get to the Super Bowl again, they ought to vote Matuszak a share.

The Broncos really did not need any more points, but the Raiders had more largesse for their guests. On the opening series of the second half, the Broncos were stopped short of midfield, but on fourth down, before Bucky Davis could even get his foot into a punt, Raider rookie Joe Stewart was called for an illegal block on Chris Pano. The penalty gave Denver an automatic first down, and the Broncos took a 14-6 lead nine plays later on a 14-yard touchdown pass from Craig Morton to Haven Moses.

Trailing by eight points, Stabler was forced to go to the air more than he would have liked. He moved the Raiders to the Denver 20 on their next possession, but a holding penalty on Guard Gene Upshaw stopped their momentum and Mann missed a 42-yard field goal. With Oakland's running attack of no concern, the Broncos declared open season on Stabler. He was sacked on each of Oakland's next three possessions. Lyle Alzado got him, then Rubin Carter raked him up. The third sack, by rookie Nose Guard Don Latimer, left Stabler in a dazed state, and he retired for the evening.

Oakland's biggest gift came early in the fourth quarter. Fullback Mark van Eeghen fumbled a hand-off from Stabler's replacement, David Humin, and Denver Linebacker Randy Gradishar scooped up the ball, bopped smack into a surprised Humin—who neglected to tackle him—and then raced 30 yards for a touchdown and the 21-6 final score. Afterward, Morton, one of Denver's captains, awarded game balls to all 45 Broncos. He could have saved the Denver owners a little money—footballs cost \$23 apiece—by giving them to a few of the Raiders instead. Certainly they were more deserving.

Mathematically, the Raiders are not officially out of the playoffs. With an 8-6 record, they trail the 9-5 Broncos by just a game. But they also trail Denver in the NFL's arcane tie-breaking procedures, so the only way they could win the division title would be to win both their remaining games (against Miami and Minnesota) and hope that 1) the Broncos lose theirs

(to Kansas City and Pittsburgh) and 2) Seattle—which also is 8-6, but has beaten Oakland twice—loses to either San Diego or Kansas City. Oakland's chances for a wild-card slot aren't much brighter, although the possibilities are so numerous that even the Montreal Alouettes might qualify. For now, the Raiders trail the second-place teams in the AFC's other two divisions, Miami and Houston, by a game, as well as Seattle.

As for the Broncos, they finally had luck back on their side Sunday. In four of their five defeats, the Broncos have been beaten by the margin of a field goal or less. Last season opponents missed the first eight field goals they attempted against Denver; this season they made the first 10, including four in a row by Minnesota's Rick Danmeier in the Vikings' 12-9 overtime win. That game was forced into sudden death because the Vikes blocked a Jim Turner extra point. In other losses, the Baltimore Colts blocked Turner's last-second chip shot from the 27-yard line to preserve a 7-6 win, and the New York Jets escaped with a 31-28 decision when Turner missed



from 42 yards on the game's last play.

Injuries have riddled the Broncos all year. Last year Denver started the same lineup in 13 of its 14 games. This season Denver has yet to start the same 22 players two weeks in a row. In their loss to the Jets, the Broncos were without their starting quarterback, both guards, their center and kick returner Rick Upchurch. On Sunday, they had to start Glenn Hyde at guard in place of Tom Glassco, who was sidelined by a virus. When the Broncos opened the season by defeating Oakland 14-6, Hyde was an ex-football player, having been waived by the Broncos and claimed by no other NFL team. He sat in Section 102 of Mile High Stadium that day and watched the Oakland game like any other Denver fan.

The turmoil in the Broncos' offensive line has caused problems for Morton, who has never handled pass-rush pressure well. To compensate for the weakened line, Coach Red Miller has developed a pounding running attack built around relays of fresh backs. He uses six regularly—Lonnie Perrin, Jon Keyworth, Otis Armstrong, Larry Canada,

Dave Preston and Lytle—and each has rushed for at least 245 yards. Keyworth was Denver's leading ballcarrier against Oakland with just 23 yards, while Lytle finished sixth among the Bronco backs with 17 yards. Of the six, only Armstrong is averaging less than 4.1 yards a carry.

Morton, the AFC's Offensive Player of the Year in 1977, was demoted to third string in October. He threw just eight interceptions in 1977, but when he threw five in Denver's first four games this season—and invited sacks by holding on to the ball interminably—Miller began to spell him with Norm Weese, a running-style quarterback. In the Broncos' 23-0 loss to San Diego, Morton was yanked by Miller after missing on his first seven passes, throwing an interception and also fumbling the ball away while running with it in the open field. When Weese replaced Morton in that game, many Broncomaniacs felt that he had just become Denver's permanent No. 1 quarterback. But Weese dislocated his kneecap that same day.

Still, Miller confirmed that Morton was in the doghouse when he started

Craig Penrose against Chicago the next week. Penrose promptly bruised his shoulder, and Morton regained his job by default. He responded well, leading Denver to a 16-7 win over the Bears. Except for the Jet loss, which he missed completely because of a bruised groin muscle—Penrose and Weese both played—Morton has been the Bronco quarterback ever since. And he hasn't thrown an interception in his last 144 passes.

Morton's rival on Sunday, Stabler, has also taken heavy heat this season. The 23 interceptions he threw in Oakland's first 10 games are the most-quoted horror statistic of 1978. Before meeting Denver, however, Stabler had gone three games and 79 passes without an interception—a streak that Jackson ended.

Second horror stat: Oakland's decline in touchdown passes. Leading a team that had always been noted for its deep-passing game, Stabler has thrown just three scoring passes to his wide receivers all year. Age has put Fred Biletnikoff on the bench in favor of Morris Bradshaw, but while Bradshaw may have blinding speed, he lacks Biletnikoff's guile—as well as his sick-um. This has allowed opponents to concentrate more on speedster Cliff Branch, giving him double coverage on many plays. Stabler has also had less protection than in the past, a problem apparent on Sunday when he was sacked four times for 50 yards in losses. Part of the trouble has been the season-long absence of Tackle John Vella, an excellent pass blocker who went down with a chest injury in training camp.

But the Raiders place much of the blame for their decline on Stabler's own shoulders. When Davis was asked last week about his team's woes, he replied, "In this game, when you have great players, they have to play great. Our top guy hasn't. Stabler's like a 23-4 pitcher who's having a 17-7 season."

The rumors around Oakland are that Stabler's sybaritic off-field life-style has caught up with him, that he isn't in shape to play football. Coach John Madden, however, scoffs at that suggestion. As for Stabler, he isn't saying anything. Normally an engaging, articulate speaker, he stopped talking to the press early this season. "The local writers just got too negative," he says. "They were writing us off before the season was half over."

After Sunday's shellacking, most everyone is writing the Raiders off. **END**

Upchurch took offense at Matsuyuki's late hit, as did the official who socked him for 15 yards.





The old guard versus the new: Boston's veteran Jo Jo White attempts to figure out rookie Ford

BEHOLD THE NEW KINGS OF THE MIDWEST

Christmas is still to come, but in Kansas City they're already decking the hall for rookie Phil Ford, who has made the team a winner **by JOHN PAPANEEK**

Who would have thought that the Kansas City Kings would be where they are a quarter of the way through this NBA season? That the Kings—a perennially slogging, losing, nearly invisible outfit, absent from postseason play 11 of the last 12 years and a sorrowful 31–51 last year—would be 13–8 and three full games ahead of Denver in the Midwest Division?

Beyond that, who would have thought

the New Jersey Nets would be mainly responsible for this renaissance on the Missouri? But it's true. Two first-round draft choices the Nets gave up in 1976 for Tiny Archibald have turned into gold for the Kings. The first pick, a year ago, brought Otis Birdsong, the 6' 4" scoring machine from the University of Houston. Birdsong served most of last season as an apprentice to starting guards Ron Boone and Luctus Allen, though he did manage

to scrape together a 15.8 scoring average. This year the Nets' largesse yielded a mother lode in the person of North Carolina's 6' 2" Phil Ford, last year's college player of the year and the best all-round guard to come out of college since Maryland's John Lucas two years before.

After 21 games Ford ranks third in the NBA in assists (9.4 per game), fifth in steals (2.4) and is averaging 14.8 points. Moreover, his confidence and his natural capacity for leadership have pumped new life into the Kings. As Ford's steady backcourt mate and off-court running mate, Birdsong has never sung better. Now that he no longer has to worry about where the ball is ("No one worries with Phil out there," he says. "You just get open and it comes to you"), Birdsong is leading the club with just under 20 points a game.

The most wondrous change to those few who have watched the Kings in recent years—their average attendance last season was 7,700, fifth worst in the league—is that the team is running now. No more of the slow, set-up, clog-up, mess-up offense that they ran for four years under Phil Johnson.

At last season's end, General Manager Joe Axelson hired Cotton Fitzsimmons, who despite his hard-driving, motivational approach to coaching is loose and amenable and extremely popular with the young Kings. He had been a coach at Phoenix and Atlanta and director of player personnel at Golden State before returning to coaching last season at Buffalo under maddlesome owner John Y. Brown. The Braves were weak already; ravaged further by bad trades and injuries, they finished 27–55. Even before Brown began dickered to buy the Boston Celtics, Fitzsimmons asked out.

On May 10 of this year he signed a two-year contract with the Kings. "I was tired of being a vagabond," he says. "The book on the Kings was that if you can stay close you can beat them at the end. But I liked their potential. I loved Birdsong and Scott Wedman. I thought Sam Lacey had an unfair reputation for being lazy. Their offensive rebounding was pathetic, their defense was weak. Their ball handling was awful."

Part of the turnover problem was eliminated by trading away Boone, the main

culprit, but the Kings still needed a point guard to replace the aging Allen. With the second pick in the draft, they hoped and prayed that Ford would be available, which was a big question indeed. Indiana had the first pick, and Philadelphia was trying desperately to get it—and thus Ford—an exchange for George McGinnis, but the deal fell through. On draft day Indiana traded the No. 1 pick to Portland, which was clearly going for Minnesota's center, Mychal Thompson. That meant Ford was Kansas City's for the taking. But would Ford take Kansas City?

Conferring with Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith and agent Donald Dell, Ford decided that Kansas City was not one of the teams he would play for. On the day of the draft Dell called Axtelson and Smith called Fitzsimmons. Their messages were the same: "Don't draft Phil. He'll never play for you."

Fitzsimmons told Smith, "Ford is the only guy we want in this draft and we're going to draft him."

And they did. And in the end, after a good deal of persuasive talk plus a five-year, million-dollar-plus contract, they signed him. Next day Ford practiced with the Kings for the first time. "Well," Fitzsimmons told reporters, "I became a much better coach today."

In his first exhibition game, against San Antonio, Ford scored 15 points and handed out eight assists. Later at the hotel coffee shop he introduced himself around, to Spurs and Kings alike. The next night he had 26 points and seven assists against Milwaukee, prompting the Bucks' Marques Johnson to say, "From seeing him on TV I didn't think he could shoot, and I didn't know how well he could see the whole court. Now I'm wondering what he can't do."

The answer seems to be not much. In a regular-season win over New Orleans, he dived after a loose ball and came up with a gashed chin that required three stitches. Back in the game a while later, he went diving chin first into the Jazz bench for another loose ball. The first time the Kings played Denver—the Kings have beaten their divisional rival two out of two—Ford took an inbound pass with five seconds left, dribbled away four of them, then swished the game winner from the top of the key.

But Ford's value goes far beyond the things he does on the floor. He keeps the team loose, particularly Lacey, whom he rides constantly. The big center loves it.

During the Kings' 136-127 loss to Los Angeles, Lacey and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar squared off. "Watch out, Sam, or I'll knock some of that ugly off your face," said Kareem. Later Ford said to Lacey, "Man, Kareem sure knows ugly when he sees it."

"Are you gonna take that from a rookie?" chided Forward Bill Robinson.

"Of course he is," said Fitzsimmons.

"Phil's the only guard in five years who's given Sam the ball."

Lacey has been playing the best basketball of his career. In last Thursday's 108-94 win over visiting Boston, Lacey destroyed Dave Cowens, outrebounding him 13-10, forcing him away from the basket and triggering half a dozen fast breaks. When the Kings were down by a point late in the second period, Cowens grabbed a defensive rebound, whirled and hurled a bullet outlet pass that would have sailed the length of the court. Except that Lacey leaped and batted it straight back over Cowens' head, off the Kings' backboard. Robinson recovered it and Ford made a three-point play. The Kings never again trailed.

A further measure of the Kings' early success is the strength of their second five, among them two rookie guards—Billy McKinney, the former Northwestern scoring whiz, and Marlon Redmond, a burly 6' 6" shooter from San Francisco. Both played their way onto the Kings'

roster as free agents, and they are Fitzsimmons' kind of players. "You know why?" asks the coach. "Because they've been pounding the pavement. They're hungry."

In fact all the Kings are hungry, so much so that last Saturday they went to Washington and refused to leave without staying all the way through the desert. Never mind that the NBA champion Bullets were going for a club-record 10th straight win, or that they had not lost at home since Nov. 10. Down by 17 points in the first quarter, the Kings fought back on the shooting of Birdsong (30 points) and Wedman (nine in the third quarter), he passing of Ford (11 assists) and Lacey (seven), and the defense of Robinson and Darnell Hillman, and squeezed out their biggest win of the season, 110-109.

"Last year they used to look for ways to lose games," said Fitzsimmons. "This year we keep finding new ways to win."

It has to be the hunger. Everybody connected with the Kings has it. The 10,435 fans who showed up for the Boston game gave the Kings three straight 10,000-plus crowds for the first time in their seven years in Kansas City. The several hundred members of a group of zealots called the Backcourt Boosters (sic), as intimated by the new Kings as anyone, can even visualize them rising to the playoffs and beyond.

END

Newly motivated Lacey, a fan of Coach Fitzsimmons' running style, gave Cowens a very hard night



BEGINNING OF ANOTHER LIFE FOR THE ACES

The return of Evansville's great love, basketball, alleviated the grief the city had suffered since its team perished in an air crash **by FRANK DEFORD**

The way the Evansville Purple Aces came back home last Wednesday night was by running through a purple paper barrier and out onto the court, with the band playing and the cheerleaders tumbling and the people roaring. There was not a misty eye in the place, because it was basketball season again, and that is a time of raucous joy in the little river city in southern Indiana.

Of course, there was also an altogether different group of Purple Aces that the people of Evansville knew well, but all of them had gone down in a chartered plane. It shattered on a muddy hillside just outside of town last Dec. 13. But it is another season now, another winter's dream, and as the Evansville *Courier* wrote last week of that desperately sorrowful night less than a year ago, "that was once upon a time."

The good people of Evansville are not hard folk, not disrespectful of their dead—29 in all, 14 players, the coach, a number of staff and fans—but they had grown weary of grieving and of the fruitlessness of grieving. Condolences had come from all over the world; \$330,000 in unsolicited funds had been mailed in; there had been memorial services, a memorial tournament.

At first, the fans had even found it hard to embrace the new coach, whose name is Dick Walters. They wished him well. They were polite to him when he talked about "rebuilding the program." But in their sorrow they were not able to give him their hearts. Then, in October, came the first day of practice, and 450 fans showed up to watch the new team that Walters had assembled. Mike Blake, the Aces' TV play-by-play announcer, recalls, "It all changed then. Once the people saw boys playing basketball again, they could accept Dick." He did not really exist in Evansville until he had a team and a season.

Stan Blackford, a student who works in the sports PR office and who knew just about everybody killed in the crash,

was watching practice the other day. "For a long time, I couldn't stand to even come into this building," he said.

How can he stand it now? He waved toward the floor, where the boys were playing. "Why, the Aces are back now," he said matter-of-factly.

So this is why, when the time came, they put up the purple paper instead of asking for a moment of silence.

You must understand that the plane crash was more than just a horrible snuffing out of a large number of young lives. The university basketball team had great meaning for the whole Evansville community—the city even more than the school. When the Aces won the first of their five NCAA Division II titles in 1959, Evansville was in an economic and spiritual depression, and anybody will tell you that the city's resurgence began then. Soon, the social fabric of the town revolved about the Aces' schedule and fortunes, and the team helped Evansvillians better tolerate the ignominy of being citizens of the largest municipality in the country without an Interstate highway.

The coach of all five championship teams, the coach from 1946 to 1977, was a down-home Hoosier named Arad McCutchan, who doubled as an algebra teacher. He dressed the Purple Aces in orange shirts on the court (for better passing vision) and full-length robes on the bench (for warmth). In 31 years he spent a grand total of three nights on the road recruiting, and he won 514 games from fancy Interstate coaches.

When McCutchan retired after the 1977 season, Bobby Watson, an assistant at Oral Roberts who stood 6'7", was hired and charged with the task of leading the Aces into the big time, Division I. By now the fans were jaded with success at the secondary level. It was to be the beginning of an exciting new era for

In the season's first home game, Evansville eschewed solemnity for purple paper pizazz



Walters competed with legend and lament

the Aces. "Coach Watson was so big and nice and all, he just about swallowed you up with his enthusiasm," McCutchan says. But then, of course, Watson's era lasted only four games.

Walters was hired last March from DuPage, a junior college in Glen Ellyn, Ill. The fact that he was a successful (202-56) JC coach, that he had had to create a team from scratch every year, were marks



in his favor. Because of the crash, the NCAA waived the rule that requires a transfer to sit out a season before he can play at his new school, and Walters formed his squad with six transfers (three from Iowa), a couple of his own JCs and a large complement of freshmen.

In Evansville he "sold the program." He spoke at 157 meetings, and he was ideal for the role. College basketball coaches tend to be brash front men—vain, often foppish. And no one is more stylish than Walters: contained, slick, earnest, handsome and absolutely sure of what he wants. He is only 31, so confident and, for Evansville in its despair, so perfectly vernal.

"But I'll have to be out of this by 41," he says. He knows himself. Every hair is in place, every color coordinated, everything about him is impeccable—except for one. His nails are bitten to the quick.

Assembling a reasonably good team was easier, it seems, than battling ghosts. "On the one hand, there's the legend of Coach McCutchan and his five titles," Walters says. "On the other, there's the memory of Coach Watson and the

thoughts of what he might have done. That's been almost a JFK kind of thing. It's made it harder for me to establish an identity for myself and for my program."

Coaches talk about programs instead of teams. After all, the team belongs to the players, it is the players, and it can be a very sloppy affair. Teams graduate, get injured, flunk out, fall in love. The program belongs to the coach and is more reliable. Watson was a different sort of person from Walters, and he might have coached a little differently, but he had gone about building a program the same way.

And like Walters, Watson was a young man with a wife and three children; as it was for Walters, the Evansville job was Watson's first major head coaching position. As Walters' team does now, Watson's Purple Aces wore purple shirts. It was eerie and wrenching in the team meeting last Wednesday when Walters went over the opposition, DePaul. A year ago, almost to the day, another new coach with a wife and three children and a new program had gone over DePaul.

Stafford Stephenson sat there in the

meeting, intently keeping his mind on DePaul. He is the one link to both teams of purple Purple Aces. He was an assistant to Watson, off recruiting in Florida when the plane went down. He agreed to stay on as a member of Walters' staff. "I knew Bobby well, and he'd have wanted me to stay, to be a part of putting it back together. Bobby'd want me to be thinking about these guys right here," Stephenson says, though Watson probably never knew any of these guys.

Walters told his players before Wednesday's game that he would not make any special appeal to their emotions. He said good players should be emotional about every game. And he told them this: "I'd rather be exactly who I am right now than anyone else in the world." Then he paused. "Except for one thing. I'd rather be you with this chance. I'd rather be playing tonight."

What followed was a shame. The players all said they were not caught up in the moment, but they must have been affected in ways they could not comprehend. They had opened on the road against a first-rate Southern Illinois team, performing most creditably before losing in the last three minutes. But against DePaul, before a nearly full house at home, they choked something awful.

The fans cheered when Mike Watley, a transfer from Arkansas, scored the Aces' first basket, but it was already 6-0 by then. Soon enough it would be 15-5, 27-7, 33-10. The Aces could not handle the press; they stood about, shot poorly and made 32 turnovers. The final score was 74-55, and Walters, dispirited, said that his charges "had played worse than any team I've ever coached."

But the fans did not appear to be all that dismayed. Evansville has very knowledgeable fans. "They cheered for rebounds here long before I heard that anywhere else," McCutchan says. Already, too, they had made a sellout of Saturday's second home game, against Indiana State and its All-America, Larry Bird. (Evansville lost 74-70.) People wanted to see Bird more than they wanted to see the comeback. It's a basketball town, in the basketball season.

The fact is, nobody really had to rebuild anything at Evansville. Not before the tragedy occurred, and not after it. Teams play and programs carry on, but the tradition that Evansville possesses is the greater thing, because it has a life all its own.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICH CLARKSON



WINNING IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

But to the tennis public the bristling behavior of John McEnroe has obscured his talent. Now he grimaces into the Davis Cup **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The faces cause all the trouble. The faces annoy officials. They irritate opponents. They turn off the crowd faster than a bomb scare. A compendium of emotionalism, the faces portray anger and pity, pain and distrust, shock and vengeance. They depict the eternal naughty child who never got enough of the back of a hairbrush. For months Europeans asked him, "Why your face never smile?" Even the boy's father blames it on the faces. John P. McEnroe Sr. says, "The faces and the stomping were always there. We told him. But nobody should try and change him. The faces are—part of him."

John P. McEnroe Jr. says, "Let's put it this way. I don't care if I don't smile on court. I make faces. The faces are—me."

So we shall have to get used to the faces. The reason is that this week John P. McEnroe Jr.—brown curls and red neck framing his Idaho-potato head and one or another of those marvelous Irish pug faces—will shake off the bonds of latent delinquency and become an authentic American hero. This week in the and fantasy world of the Palm Springs desert, McEnroe will win two singles matches against the paties from Great Britain and help recover the Davis Cup for the United States for the first time in six years.

Surely this will be another bright moment in the tender life of the youngster from New York City's borough of Queens.

In 1977, just about the time his high school class was graduating from Trinity School in New York, McEnroe turned into a star. At 18 in Wimbledon he beat nearly everybody there was to beat and became the first semifinalist to emerge from the qualifying rounds in 25 years, not to mention the youngest semifinalist in 100 years. Which is to say, ever. Then a month ago, at the time his college classmates at Stanford University were preparing for the big football game against

Cal, McEnroe became a player. After breezing to the NCAA championship last spring as a freshman, he had dropped out of Stanford to try the pro tour, and in Stockholm he beat the great Bjorn Borg 6-3, 6-4 on Borg's home court. "Routined him," as the players say. "Three and four." It was the first time in his life the 22-year-old world champion had been defeated by a younger player. When he won a mere seven points against

McEnroe's serve, the Swede appeared bemused, as if thinking, "Finally it's happening to me. For sure," McEnroe says. "People probably think Bjorn tanked it. Let's put it this way. Bjorn doesn't tank in Sweden."

Now comes the Davis Cup. From star to player is a distinct and important trip. But from star to hero, well now. From star to hero is a long, long ride.

One remembers what McEnroe said



in September at the U.S. Open before he reached another big semifinal. Before he lost to Jimmy Connors for the fourth time. The kid—McEnroe is known as "Junior" on the circuit—was asked if he wasn't awfully proud of his record with the pros so far, having won a lot of matches and having lost only to the top players in the world.

"Listen," McEnroe snapped, "I've been beaten plenty enough. Dibbs beat me. Orantes twice, Nastase three times. I've been broken in. I'm used to the tour. I've had it with being beaten. I'm ready to do well now."

Since losing to Connors in straight sets in Flushing Meadow, here is what McEnroe has done: Hartford—won singles, won doubles with Bill Maze. San Francisco—won singles, won doubles with Peter Fleming. Hawaii—lost in singles semifinals, lost in doubles finals with Fleming. Then to Europe: Basel—lost in singles finals, won doubles with Wojtek Fibak. Cologne—lost in singles semifinals, won doubles with Fleming. Stockholm—won singles, lost in doubles semifinals with Fleming. London—won singles, won doubles with Fleming. Bologna—lost in singles semifinals, won doubles with Fleming.

In eight tournaments the lefthanded McEnroe won four singles and six doubles titles and more than \$120,000 in checks, which he sent home to be deposited by his father, who—thank the Lord—is an attorney on Wall Street.

Followers of the game who equate success only with how a player does in London in July and New York in September, or only with how many big names he has disposed of on the way, will be happy to know that McEnroe qualifies on both counts. "John's most important ability is as a quick learner," says his coach, Tony Palafox, the old Mexican Davis Cupper. "He knows fast how to dissect the games and beat most of the best players."

At the '77 U.S. Open—the last played on Forest Hills clay—McEnroe was embarrassed by the dirt master, Manolo Orantes. Two weeks later in San Francisco he beat Orantes indoors. A couple of

months after losing to John Newcombe in their first meeting, McEnroe turned the tables again. Since he arrived on the scene at that first Wimbledon, McEnroe has defeated Eddie Dibbs, Dick Stockton, Adriano Panatta, Corrado Barazzutti, Roscoe Tanner and Borg, all the first time they met. He is already ranked fifth on the Association of Tennis Professionals computer. Arthur Ashe says, "Right now, McEnroe is the best player in the world."

Last week McEnroe paused during his busy tournament schedule to play some exhibitions in Italy. He sat in a drafty locker room underneath the Palazzetto dello Sport in Milan and shook his head at the wonder of it all.

"That's such a pressure statement by Artie," he said.

"I mean, he's putting the pressure on me. But I can handle it. People always ask if I'm surprised when I win a tournament. Was Borg surprised to win Wimbledon the first time? Was he surprised to win three times? As it comes, I can feel myself getting hot, getting better. But I want to get better and better." Thinking back to Stockholm, where he did not lose a set while beating Jan Kodes, Tom Okker and Tim Gullickson, in addition to Borg, he said, "I felt comfortable, in command. I don't think I was zoning. I don't think I was playing out of my mind. I wasn't letting anything slip away. I was so confident. Then, toward

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY DUFFY



McEnroe's repertoire of expressions embraces anger, pity, pain and distrust—and, usually, victory



His dad once yelled at him; now it's for him

the end in Stockholm with Borg, I looked over at him and saw he was confused. You really had to be there and see the match for this to make any sense. But let's put it this way. Bjorn simply didn't know what to do.

"So, no, I'm not surprised at all. I don't want to be surprised. And I don't want to be satisfied. I mean, it's great to be 19, ranked No. 5 in the world and playing Davis Cup. But this isn't luck. I've worked for this. Let's put it this way. I deserve this."

It is not very often that a tennis player comes along who can beat Bjorn Borg three and four and call Arthur Ashe "Arnie" in the same month. Among other refreshing habits McEnroe has brought with him to the major leagues is an enigmatic appetite—chicken, cheesecake and ravioli in varying combinations, ice in his milk and beer ("John is a total barbarian," says his childhood friend, Mary Carillo)—and an avowed determination to be honest about his losses. The word "choke"—anathema to most athletes—is in his vocabulary. For example, McEnroe says that when he had Connors 3-0 in the third set at Boston two sum-

mers ago and lost, he choked. When he led Orantes 4-2, advantage server, in the third at Washington last summer, and lost, he choked again.

"Why kid myself?" he says. "People say, 'Oh, the other guy played well.' That's bull. I should not lose matches from that point—to anybody. Hey, I don't acknowledge the other guy's game. When he hits a great return winner, I think I didn't hit a good enough serve. I don't acknowledge anything."

Unfortunately, McEnroe's splendid talent likewise has not been acknowledged enough. The beauty of his technique seems to have been obscured somewhere along the way. Probably it was between the uproars caused by his constant bickering over line judgments and the controversy engendered when he delves into the outrageous, such as the time he spit at a woman spectator at the Longwood Cricket Club. "I spit in front of her. I never got her," McEnroe corrects.

Recently McEnroe went backstage in a San Francisco theater to be introduced to a pop singer named Harry Chapin. "Oh, yeah," said Chapin. "You're the Wimbledon bad guy."

So far, Junior's absolutely horrid on-court nature has managed to obscure his wonderful talent. A soccer and basketball player in high school, McEnroe picked up tennis very quickly. Early on he was a natural, and his game mirrors that of his teacher, Palafox—all spins and angles and changes of pace.

A rarity in today's double-fluted tennis world, McEnroe has one-handed from both sides with the racket head held extremely low. The preparation for each stroke is so casual that often the racket appears to be falling from his hand as he drills winner after winner. McEnroe has such a gift for touch, such a delicate feel, that the ball is seldom out of control. Because of his active, quick wrists, he also gets away with many late hits, the racket suddenly flashing out from his shoulder socket as if no arm were needed as mid-level smacker.

"Watch this," McEnroe says as he pretends to fire off another rifle from the backhand wing. "Who was that?" Of course, it was Rod Laver.

"John has so much touch it is ridiculous," says Vitas Gerulaitis, his New York neighbor. "I think he already does

more things with the ball than anybody."

Ashe says, "I've never played McEnroe, but you can watch and see he never overpowers anyone. Against Connors and Borg you feel like you're being hit with a sledgehammer. But this guy is a siletto. Junior has great balance and hands and he just slices people up. He's got a ton of shots. It's slice here, nick there, cut over here. Pretty soon you've got blood all over you even though the wounds aren't deep. Soon after that, you've bled to death."

After his ambush in Sweden, Borg said he had tried to attack McEnroe's weakness, but he couldn't find one. The kid was fast enough to run everything down, he kept filling Borg's side with no-pace "nothing" balls, and, on serve, he smartly bounced spinners as wide as possible into the deuce court, sending the Swede galloping out of bounds for bad-position backhand returns. (Of Borg's five conquerors this year, four have been lefties who preyed on this flaw.)

As McEnroe has progressed, his consistency on service and sophistication of deliveries have steadily improved. His rigorous weekly doubles competition in which varied placements are demanded has contributed greatly toward this end. Now his world rank in doubles is higher than in singles—No. 3.

It is no coincidence that the players who have troubled McEnroe the most are those notably quick, crafty tour veterans who have not been befuddled by his off-speed stuff and his all-court game: Connors and Nastase—and Harold Solomon on clay. A Gerulaitis-McEnroe match, which a lot of tennis fans are clamoring to see, has not yet taken place except in meaningless exhibitions.

When Connors first heard of McEnroe at the centennial Wimbledon two years ago, he said he would "hate to watch anybody who reminds me of myself." On account of the comparisons made between the two, however—precocious left-handers, both NCAA champions, shy, mannerly types—it is obvious that Connors has pushed himself sky-high for their four encounters, in two of which he had to come from behind in order to survive.

But even in the face of Connors' savage run to the Open title in September, when he thrashed McEnroe and Borg in equal measure, Junior refused to give an

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**"HEY, THAT'S
MY DODGE."**



inch. "The guy threw incredible winners at me," McEnroe says. "But if I don't blow the 5-1 lead in the third, I'm right back in it. Let's put it this way. I just didn't rise to the occasion."

"The thing Connors has over McEnroe is experience," says Palisox. "Next time they play, the match may be up to John. He knows now it is all in his hands."

Because the game looks so easy for him—and, more, because it is—McEnroe's ornerness between the white lines stacks in the craws of players, linespersons and spectators alike.

It all began at Wimbledon in '77 when in his first match McEnroe yelled at a spectator to "get the hell out." Violent sneers and snickers continued to emanate from his matches until McEnroe met Phil Dent in the quarters, when he kicked his racket around the hallowed turf, railed at officials and cussed up a storm with such beauties as "No way I'm losing to this — guy," and "Jesus, how much longer before I get a — call in this — place." His reputation for facial expressions has preceded him ever since.

"I've never seen a tennis crowd turn against a player so fast as they did against McEnroe when he played Tanner out in Hawaii," says Barry Lorge, the tennis correspondent for *The Washington Post*. "In the first three games they were on him like a swarm of locusts. He has complained about so many calls in such a short time that he is now the classic boy who cries wolf."

McEnroe himself cannot adequately explain why an official's mistake sets him off. Then again, isn't he from the same terrific generation that ate cocaine for breakfast and gave us punk rock? Why should his peer athletes be Mr. or Ms. Decorum?

McEnroe confirms that he was always something of a rebel. Way back he was damned with the terrible neighborhood nickname "Rant." In junior high school he led his basketball team in technical fouls and once was suspended for two games for screaming at the coach. At Trinity—a coat-and-tie school—he wore a dungaree jacket on the train ride into Manhattan every day, implicitly challenging the teachers to tell him to change for classes. "In ninth and 10th grades I was a total alky," McEnroe says. "I was

in a high school fraternity and we'd drink beer all evening. By the time we got to the girls, we were always drunk."

Palisox remembers refusing to hit tennis balls with McEnroe for a month because of his behavior early in their relationship. Also, the youngster was suspended from the Port Washington Tennis Academy over some high jinks during a tournament in the Catskills. Something about setting the hotel towels on fire.

"We'd have arguments at home," McEnroe says. "My dad always yelled at me. I told him when he was wrong. Then I'd get yelled at some more. I guess I always had too much Irish."

At Stanford, where he stayed just the one year to get experience on hard courts and to win the NCAA title for himself and his team, McEnroe left nothing behind him but good feelings. "One of the most respected persons I've ever known," Coach Dick Gould says. "John's attitude was beautiful, he never assumed it was his right to be No. 1. He worked hard for it. It wasn't like some nobody just passing through. John's mark is here."

And it is elsewhere. In the pros McEnroe has had tiffs with Newcombe as well as with his current Davis Cup teammate, Bob Lutz, who nearly decked him after a match last summer. At Orange, N.J., McEnroe became involved in a dispute with a representative of the sponsoring Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, who accused him of being a crybaby and even threatened to withdraw future support from the tournament. "I made ultimatums. I was terrible," McEnroe confesses.

Steadfastly in McEnroe's corner are his disaff supporters: his girlfriend Stacy Margolin and his "big sister," Carillo, both of whom play on the women's tour. Carillo says she "defends John to the death. He just handles things wrong. On questionable calls during the mixed doubles at Wimbledon, I would approach and ask the official if he would reconsider. John would say to him, 'What are you, blind?' He has no subtlety. He doesn't go out of his way to impress people. I don't think he should be a jerk or a hood about it, but the fact is he doesn't care what people think. This game is so simple for him, he just gets mad when anything goes wrong."

McEnroe says he does care. He says he is trying to do better. He says he will improve. "I don't think I've ever questioned a call I didn't legitimately know was wrong," he says. "My mistake has been not knowing when to stop. The people don't want to see arguing, they want to see tennis. Arnie and Stan Smith just glance at an official, and the call is changed automatically. That's the way to go, but I guess it's too late for me. Let's put it this way. I've already got a terrible reputation, so now they're looking for me every time."

In recent weeks throughout Italy—where he is known affectionately as "Macaroni"—McEnroe did not enhance his reputation with the public, or the media. The Bologna crowd booed and hissed when it thought McEnroe was not trying in his semifinal loss to his doubles partner, Fleming. ("I was exhausted. I could not have tried harder," McEnroe said.) Then the Italian press nailed him for skipping a couple of press conferences. When his tennis-clothes manufacturer, Sergio Tacchini, finally did arrange for him and Gervais to sit down for a mass interview in Milan, McEnroe, with his usual impatience, pounded the table to get the attention of the buzzing, then stunned, reporters.

Realizing a potential for violence when he saw one, Tacchini did not include the usual clause requiring his contract players' annual appearance in Rome in McEnroe's contract even though Tacchini's wife jokingly suggested that a police escort probably would suffice. "If the Romans threw coins at the stoneface Borg [which they did last spring]," McEnroe says, "can you imagine what they'd throw at me?"

Lea Pericoli, the former Italian women's champion, now a journalist in Milan, says, "This boy is a bit impossible. What is he like? He does not talk to me. So I have to invent him."

"Listen, I don't have to talk," McEnroe says. "People are going to write and say what they want. They pay to see my matches now. If they want to boo and clap against me, that's fine. I'm myself. Let's put it this way. I'd rather get some attention than no attention. If it's bad, that's life."

So there is America's new tennis hero. Let's put it this way. Nobody could invent John McEnroe. **END**

RACY IS THE WORD FOR THE NEW SKIWEAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Time was when skiing's hotshots would show up with racing stripes on a pair of stretch pants, hoping to be mistaken for Billy Kidd or Jean-Claude Killy. It turns out that was just the beginning. The let's-go-racing influence has swept the industry and this season's message is clear: no matter how slow you ski, look fast at all times. Today Nordic skis are skinnier, Alpine skis are longer, boots are lighter and ski clothing is stretching out in all directions. The new generation of bindings is more finely tuned, ski poles offer strapless grips, and insulated ski gloves have taken on new shapes. The happy result is that function has finally come to share equal billing with fancy looks. At least that seems to be the case with the kids bombing Lake Placid's downhill course, at right, as well as with all the skiers on the following pages.





Previewing an Olympic run on Whiteface. Arthur and Cristine Luss wear Fusco's padded sweaters and pants. Why padding? Well, since real racers bang into gates, other skiers went to look as if they might



No one would wear a T-shirt without an emblem these days, so why not a stretch racing suit topped off with an RM vest (above left) designed by ex-Olympian Row Meyer for Breen. The pocket line of new skis shows this season's longer models, product of a renewed emphasis on competition. In the "Star Wars"-inspired tableau at right, all the outfits are stretch. Head's one-piece suit is worn with a Hydron mask, the invader in the puffy nylon plume parka wears stretch-fabric mittens to match the pants, all from HOC for André Nohl. The white outfit is the West German ski team's uniform by Bogner (no, they don't race in the mask) another Furslop outfit is the life vest worn in snow—in this case over a Profile jumpsuit by Menke Tüley





It takes roughly 20 hours to manufacture a Silvy Tricot Super Slalom sweater (above) and about \$350 to buy one imported from Italy by Hagana; it combines wool with Spandex girdle fabric—the better to protect back and kidneys—and has a tricot lining, padded arms and zippers on each side. The Devotre sweater at top right is worn by Nancy Pfister while Ryo Krentel is suited up in racing shell and stretch pants from Rofa. Pam Palmredo displays new boots while wearing a skinny suit from Beconta. She wears Scott boots; others are by Asport, Tecnica, Hanson and Garmon.





Alpine goes down and Nordic goes across, but each discipline has begun to borrow ideas from the other: cross-country buffs now find stretch fabrics acceptable, while Alpinists layer it on with vests and sweaters. Former Olympic ski jumper Jay Rand (left) strides forth in a cardinal racing suit by Oslo; it's warm because it is made of Helanca and stretch nylon with cotton inside. Both suit and gloves are imported from Norway by Sportco. His racing shoes and skis are by Adidas. Swinging along a Nordic trail in the Adirondacks (below), Chris Beattie and Sandy Wilson wear stretch suits made of nylon and cotton with action-shoulder inserts of Antlon and Spandex, both suits are from Demetre.





All lined up and ready to go, the new Nordic skis (above) are representative of this year's slightly skinnier, racer-influenced breed. Fräcker with Dynafit boots. Völkl with Delux from Vener Associates. Rossignol with Adides. Peltonen from Erel Silents with Adidas. The Landsem skis, Fels shoes and the Nordic suit shown are all from Sportco. Current's Porsche sunglasses offer changeable lenses and can go both Nordic and Alpine, which is a blessing, since they cost \$76. Only 15,000 registered pairs are available in the U.S. Shedding layers, Bill Brewster peels to a stretch suit, the complete rig includes warm-up pants, jacket and vest, all from Demtre.

—JULIE CAMPBELL



A surreal landscape featuring snow-covered hills under a dark, cloudy sky. Two evergreen trees are positioned on the upper ridges of the hills. In the lower center, a small, dark silhouette of a person stands on a snowy slope. The overall mood is mysterious and ethereal.

WHOOPEE

WONDERLAND

Skiers who are otherwise quite sane have been known to go slightly bananas over ski bowls. And with good reason. The bowls pictured here and on the following pages abound with powder snow—and where there is powder, there is paradise.

What are all those people doing up there? There are just about 100 of them, shoulder to shoulder and stacked deep, being held back by the rope stretched taut by a ski patrolman. They are restless, stamping their skis. From this point, at the top of Colorado's Vail Mountain, peaks of the Rockies extend as far as the eye can see. Beyond the assemblage, on the other side of the rope, there is not a mark on the fresh snow of the night before. It is approximately 9 a.m. And then, without warning, the patrolman lets the rope fall. He wisely stays off to one side. What happens next is pure whoopee.

The skiers surge forward as if someone had sounded a cavalry charge. They spill over the edge and down into the powder snow, creating white explosions as they go. Individual skiers swoop and bounce ecstatically. The individuals soon become small dots, each surrounded by its own cloud of powder. The dots move down and down into what seems to be an eternity of slope. Then they are out of sight, swallowed in the vastness of the back bowls of Vail.

This is the moon landing, the Hope Diamond, the World Series of skiing, Hyperbole? Not to confirmed powder hounds and bowl freaks. And there is, indeed, a special madness to bowl skiing. Some say it is wrought by the disorientation brought on by sheer open expanse and steepness, a sense of being adrift in a universe of ungroomed snow. There is

continued

Masochizing into Vail's China Bowl, the skier at left finds a lot of loveliness in the loneliness.

In some bowl skiers a kind of freneticism that is not entirely attractive. Herb Eaton, Vail's slope maintenance supervisor, says, "The type of skier who lines up to charge down first—the skier who insists on his tracks being the first in the snow—well, that type can be a little weird. I've seen people actually climb up and over the hood of a Snowcat—while wearing skis—to get to the hill first." Eaton is wary of such skiers. "We stay out of the bowls when there's a crowd of those guys straining at the rope. There are too many dammys and daredevils on the hill on those days."

This is not to say that bowl skiing attracts only chargers. At Park City, Utah, where the stunning Jupiter Peak Bowl complex opened two seasons ago, there are rarely crowds. Craig Badami, marketing manager, says, "Jupiter is too steep and too deep for a lot of skiers. So almost everyone who gets over there early in the morning can end up on his own private course where no one else goes."

Bowl skiing is at its best in the West, and most resorts have a bowl or two to sell. Sun Valley, Idaho has the long runs of Christmas Bowl. At Alta, Utah a large and swooping bowl called Devil's Castle beyond the main ski area can be reached only by a slightly strenuous climb. Snowbird, down the road a piece from Alta, offers five lift-served bowls and, like many other ski areas, has a number of back bowls that can be reached by helicopter or a bit of hiking.

But locating the bowls is one thing; explaining what they are is another. Jackson Hole, Wyo. has some of the finest bowls anywhere in the West, both in the ski area and far out into the mountains beyond. Paul McCollister, the founder and principal owner, and a group of Jackson Hole ski patrolmen, talked for half an hour about the properties of a true bowl. Some insisted it had to be concave in shape, with a lip or cornice at the top. Others said no, a bowl could merely be a broad gully with sides that curve upward. Others allowed that perhaps any sloping terrain that was open and constant, unbroken by ridges, could be called a bowl. Some included long steep snowfields, perhaps burned over years ago. Could such terrain be passed

continued

Acre upon powdery acre of beguiling skiing opens to bowl hounds at Park City's Jupiter Peak area



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off as a bowl? Yes, that was proper enough, too.

Indeed, the celebrated back bowls of Vail—though they form a sort of amphitheater around the valley below—are in large part burned-over slopes. Bill Brown, a venerable mountain man who helped cut many of the ski runs at Vail, recalled the making of the bowls. "The whole area had been burned over and there were only stumps. There wasn't much clearing for us to do. To us, it was real cheap skiing. Early snow, powder snow, lots of snow—it was a real boon and we knew a good thing when we saw it. In those days, there weren't that many powder skiers and the bowls were strange territory for most people. It used to take four days, maybe even a week to ski off the powder then. But with all the crowds around here now, it's done in two, three hours."

But if there are bowls and bowls, there is only one classic bowl. The formation producing it—the result of glacial action over 10,000 years or more—is called a cirque. In his book *On Mountains: Thinking About Terrain*, John Jerome describes the process in this way: "The upper end of a valley glacier—its beginning point—will be marked by a cirque. The glacier originates below a headwall, where eddy currents in the mountain winds cause blowing snow to collect and settle. This accumulation turns to solid ice ... and freezes to the mountain surface. Freeze-thaw cycles and the pull of gravity on the accumulating mass draw the incipient glacier away from the headwall at the uphill end, forming a Bergschrund (mountain cleft) between ice and rock. The pulling away plucks rocks from the headwall; the rock then becomes part of the load carried down the valley by the glacier. This plucking action is the first step in the formation of a cirque—the amphitheater-like mountain bowl that makes one of Alpine country's most spectacular features."

For thousands of years the ice continues to pick up rocks from the middle and sides of the cirque, causing the terrain under the glacier to become more and more curved—and more steep. Jerome says, "So long as the glacier maintains its size, the cirque continues to

continued



Inspired by the untracked snow of Jackson Hole's Cody Bowl, most skiers will turn into ovoviviparous

curve its way uphill, working its way toward the summit of the mountain" by bringing down more rocks from above. When the glacier finishes its work and melts away down into the valley, it leaves a lip or cornice at the top. More important, it also leaves those lovely steep, curved sides so admired by the bowl skiers of today.

The same sort of snowy love affair is carried on in European ski areas since, as Jerome puts it, "all mountains are basically big chunks of rock and the same laws of glacial physics apply." In fact, there are a couple of outstanding ski bowls in the Parsenn area above Davos in the Swiss Alps, where glaciers have done the right job for the occasion. But there remains a difference to bowl purists: timberlines are usually much lower in the Alps than in the Rockies and the quality of snow isn't as good. Without quality snow, the fanatics insist, a bowl is just another depression in some hillside.

Still, nothing is ever constant in the world of mountains, no matter what the continent, and even as we whoop and holler and bust the powder down some gorgeous cirque, be forewarned that it may last for a few lifetimes, but not forever. "Inevitably in our 10,000-year warming trend, shrinkage has set in," Jerome says. "Once a glacier starts shrinking, the cirque is exposed to ordinary erosive action, which reduces the steepness of its sides, softening the contour. . . ."

But whether a bowl is a perfect cirque or merely a nice wide gully or gap, it may form natural avalanche paths, and can be desperately dangerous under certain conditions. In fact, the better the bowl, the greater the danger. At most areas, ski patrolmen keep a close watch on the bowls, particularly in the morning after an overnight snowfall. They often touch off a series of explosive charges to trigger avalanches that might otherwise bury skiers later in the day. They keep a keen eye on cornices. Only after the patrol has deemed an area stable are paying customers turned loose—and it is this wait for the seal of approval that causes the excited mob to gather at the ropes of Vail.

The back bowls of Vail have a grand

continued

Groomed trails are for the unenterprising, bowl skiers much prefer busting through the powder



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and rambling feel to them, with long and fairly steep sides. In the radiant Colorado sunshine, the bowls give a sense of descent that goes on forever. And that, not coincidentally, is the name of one of the nicest runs at Vail: Forever.

Also among the super bowls in the West are those at Taos, N.M. Once known principally for a kidney-busting straightaway adjoining the lift line called Alf's Run, the resort has expanded to offer some 400 acres of lift-served bowls. They range from panoramic but relatively gentle runs down Kachina Bowl to swoops into the gulches of West Basin to the sweeps that flow past gigantic boulders on Hunziker Bowl. South Fork is an expanse offering a four-mile run from top to bottom. It is a good place to ski all winter, and it borders on utopia in the softer snows of spring. South Fork has no lifts; it requires sking or hiking in. And one must climb back up after the run down. Well, there is one alternative. Those who choose not to climb

can hike out through the bottom of the bowl into the valley; it is a beautiful but difficult marathon that, according to Taos Manager Ernie Blake, includes acres of brushy obstacles that lie in wait "like a winter jungle."

All the bowls at Taos have been open at least five years. The oldest—and the toughest—is West Basin, which began operating in 1965. It boasts three stunning chutes, all of them so steep, says Blake, "that you cannot go straight down—even the super-best skiers have a hard time doing anything more than tight wedel turns." The chutes are named Stauffenberg, Fabian and Oster, after three German officers involved in various unsuccessful attempts to assassinate Adolf Hitler in the last years of World War II. West Basin is so steep that only the bottom quarter can be groomed. Kachina Bowl, on the other hand, was long ago cleaned and swept treeless by avalanches, and can be machine-smoothed top to bottom.

And then there is Jackson Hole, that he-man's retreat in the Grand Tetons, where the front of the mountain offers superb bowl skiing. In Rendezvous Bowl, you can streak down half a mile, with a vertical drop of 900 feet at a 32.5-degree pitch. The section up near the top, fittingly called The Cirque, ultimately widens out to a massive, concave scoop. These are good runs, often full of powder in the morning and, as the season progresses, corn snow in the afternoon.

But the hairiest bowls at Jackson are off beyond the main area. They are not served by ski lifts or grooming equipment or by any ski-patrol service, including avalanche control. Often there is simply too much snow out there for safe skiing. Still, it is highly praised terrain for powder hounds, even though it is reached only by a method foreign to the average Alpine hotdog, hiking in on skis.

One of the newest clusters of bowls—possibly destined to become the most famous of all—is a 650-acre paradise

continued

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SKI BOWLS continued

around Jupiter Peak in the Wasatch Range above Salt Lake City. Jupiter opened in the 1976-77 season after a long and difficult lift installation. The bowls are four miles away from the base lodge at Park City. From atop the main mountain, one skis down the back side, then rides up again on a new 3,600-foot lift. It leads to a high, curving rim of snow surrounded, in the distance, by peaks. Stanchions for the new lift to the Jupiter rim were hoisted into the area by helicopter, and the cost of the installation, including a shorter lift on the "tame" side of the mountain, was \$1 million.

Although much of Jupiter Bowl has the required rim top and teacup-curved sides, there also are trees scattered through some of the region. Thus, jittersbugging through the trees has become one of the kicks the hyper-hotdogs enjoy most about Jupiter. There is fresh powder—from a couple of inches to several feet—almost every morning. Craig Badami, whose job as marketing manager is to sell the place, outdoes himself when he talks about the powder on Jupiter. "Sometimes it really flows right over your head. You're in so much powder, you're swallowing snow. You're breathing snow. It's like you're in your own private blizzard. It's like you died and went to heaven."

One Jupiter run is called the Om Zone, after the famous chant. Another is known as the Isle of Giants—named for the size of the trees one must dodge. And there is one hairy, steep side (48 degrees) with a single obstruction in all its expanse: Dead Tree Bowl. But the maddest run of all in the universe of Jupiter is a slash through the trees just off the rim. It is called Portuguese Gap and falls away at an honest 52 degrees—so steep that, in order for the run to stabilize enough to hold its own snow, it must undergo several hours of foot-stomping by brave volunteers after the first couple of blizzards in November.

Sliding the bowls offers a variety of thrills and contours. One can roar down Portuguese Gap as though fired from a cannon; ripple down Forever with a crowd of friendly, barking powder hounds all around, or head for the untouched spaces of Cody Bowl above—and beyond—Jackson Hole. Whatever form it may take, bowl skiing is as good as skiing gets.

—WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

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Neither age (75) nor jail has slowed the flow of blather and bombast—or curbed the championship lust of Canadian sports mogul Harold Ballard

by E. M. SWIFT

Conn Smythe, the 85-year-old hockey legend who ran the NHL's Toronto Maple Leafs for 20 years, says of Harold Ballard, the present owner of the Maple Leafs, "Harold is a carnival." Yes, that is exactly what the 75-year-old Ballard is. Not a quiet carnival, nor a totally veracious one—he spent a year in jail when he was 69, convicted of 47 counts of fraud and theft involving Maple Leaf Gardens funds—but a good old-fashioned entertaining carnival all the same. The kind that P. T. Barnum might have rolled into town, pulled by giant,

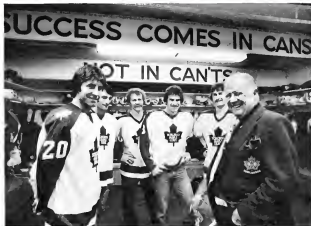
messy elephants, amid pomp and circumstance, trailed by dogs and kids and pretty girls bound and determined to run off with one of the tumblers. A carnival selling both cotton candy and Ma & Pa's Elixir, guaranteed to cure the gout. A traveling amusement show with Ferris wheels dedicated to fun, and sideshows dedicated to profit, where the church raffle nets enough for the pastor's new house, and merrymaking rubes are fleeced at the old shell game by con men. A real live carnival, which, despite the improprieties, leaves the town far better

continued

A TONGUE ON THE LOOSE



Ballard displays the kind of animation he wishes his Maple Leafs had more of



Sometimes the Maple Leafs get a grin from Ballard, but more often the rough side of his tongue

off for its having been there. Precious few of them are left.

Ballard, a member of hockey's Hall of Fame, is the only man to own two professional Canadian sports franchises, having purchased the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League last winter. He has been written about and quoted as often as any man in Canada, and there is no subject on which he lacks an opinion.

Within the executive confines of Maple Leaf Gardens he has no ordinary office; it is an apartment. Beyond the study is the master bedroom, replete with canopied twin beds. Beyond that are the kitchen, the shower and a sauna that Ballard, eschewing all warnings of an energy crisis, once heated and ready for action 24 hours a day. A bearskin rug, a remnant of a bear that Maple Leaf Forward Tiger Williams killed with bow and arrow this summer in Saskatchewan, rests beneath the desk, and a framed photograph of Ballard's late wife Dorothy hangs directly behind his chair; she died of cancer nine years ago. The rest of the apartment's paneled walls are covered with various photographs from Ballard's 30-odd-year association with Maple Leaf Gardens. There's Ballard and Stafford Smythe, his late partner and Conn's son, in Beatles wigs, serving coffee to the fans

waiting four days in line for the lads from Liverpool. There is Muhammad Ali pampering George Chuvalo. There is Ballard refusing the million-dollar check that the Chicago Black Hawks once offered Toronto for Frank Mahovlich. Little artwork is to be found in the apartment, and the only visible books are Volumes I, II and III of *The Trail of the Stanley Cup*.

"What else did Smythe say about me?" Ballard asks mischievously.

"He said you were a credit to yourself, to hockey and to Canada for what you'd done."

"What else?"

"That he wouldn't have you working for him for 10¢ a week. He doesn't like your way of doing business."

"Smythe said that? He said he wouldn't hire me?"

"Among other things."

"That miserable old bastard. I made that — every cent he's worth. It costs me \$75,000 a year to let him keep his office in the Gardens. I get him a new car, a new secretary, and he says he wouldn't hire me? I wouldn't work for that — anyway. I've always respected him because he's smart, but he's a miserable old bastard just the same."

That is as high a compliment as Ballard can pay a man. What is missing when

the words appear on paper is the gleeful twinkle in his eyes at the moment the words are uttered, the wrinkling of his smooth cheeks as he grins broadly, and the general merriment of Harold Ballard at play. There is nothing malicious about this man, and a great deal that is good, but his carefully nurtured public image as a cantankerous old goat is based on the notion that bad publicity is better than no publicity at all. He views the press as his "lifeline to the outside world," and when a reporter needs a quote, he will call Ballard, who admits that he says "the first damn thing that comes into my head." The result is often straight from the shoulder, right into the groin. A sampling:

On NHL President John Ziegler: "A nice little fellow. Insignificant. A paid employee."

On Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau: "A great guy, socially—that is, for someone who's turned Canada into a socialistic country."

On women in the locker room: "If they want to take their clothes off and talk to the players, fine. But I warn them they'll have a lot more trouble getting out than they did getting in."

On Cuba: "I wish Kennedy had gone in there and blown that island to pieces."

On Millhaven Penitentiary, where he served his prison sentence: "I imagine some prisoners at Millhaven eat much better than the average Canadian."

On an NHL-WHA merger: "You don't go into business with people who tried to torpedo you. And that's what the WHA did to us."

Ballard also frequently berates his players and coaches through the media. Shortly before the recent CFL playoffs, for which Hamilton qualified despite a 5-10-1 record, Ballard stated that the only thing his Tiger-Cats needed to be a Grey Cup contender was a quarterback. He once called former Maple Leaf Coach Red Kelly "too nice a guy." And he nearly drove Swedish Wang Inge Hammarstrom back to Stockholm with the sarcastic comment that "Hammarstrom could skate into the corner with half a dozen eggs and come away without a crack in any of them."

In the past two years, Ballard's hockey team has been overly aggressive under Coach Roger Neilson—whom Ballard hired because he could deal with "the peculiarities of youth"—so Ballard has been supportive. Still, Toronto General

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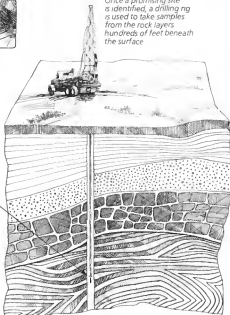
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Manager Jim Gregory says, "You never like things to be aired in public. But it's Harold's team, and you can't very well tell him he can't do it. We try to tell our younger players that whatever he says, he says out of his compulsion to win. It isn't very often that Harold comes out with something without an ulterior motive. He's trying to make them better players."

Ballard is no Charlie Finley, irrationally hounding his players to the point of distraction. He is, in fact, extraordinarily loyal to his players, to his coaches, and to every Tom, Dick and Harry—and Ballard knows which is which—that works in Maple Leaf Gardens. "The worst thing an owner can do is fall in love with his players," Ballard says. "I must admit I've done that to a few of mine."

A case in point is the pugnacious Tiger Williams. How can you not love a guy who will give you the skin off his bear's back? Several years ago, Ballard announced, "I'm looking for a guy you can toss raw meat to and he will go wild." Enter Williams. Since 1975 Tiger has averaged more than 300 penalty minutes a year, and has infused the Leafs with some much-needed courage. Ballard loves him. "They're all scared of him," he says. "You can't hurt the sonofabitch, and you never know what he's thinking."

Williams' admiration for Ballard is no less enthusiastic. "If you're good to him on the ice, he's fantastic to you off the ice," says Tiger. "I've got his Maple Leaf tattooed on my butt."

Every year Ballard spends some \$30,000 on Christmas presents for his players, team officials and their families—one year microwave ovens, the next year plane trips for two anywhere on the continent. And he doesn't pinch pennies at contract time or during the season. Three years ago, after he had been particularly abusive toward the Leafs for several weeks, Ballard gave the team two days off in Las Vegas. He explained the move in classic Ballard fashion, dismissing modern athletes as pampered kids who expect such frills. "If I was making \$100,000 a year, you could give me crap every day, by the spoonful or the bucketful, and I'd just laugh," he said.

Crusty, vituperative Harold Ballard was a naked newborn in 1903. His father founded Ballard Textile Machinery Co., a supplier of machines and parts and repairs to the knitting and needle trade. Among the company's divisions was the

Ballard Skate Company, one of the continent's original tube-skate manufacturers; by 1933 the company was selling half a million pairs of skates a year. As a youth Ballard held Canadian speedskating championships in both the 440- and 880-yard events, and in the 1920s he set a Canadian record by driving a powerboat 63 mph on Ontario's Rice Lake. Ballard played junior hockey in the early '20s, but decided that his future in the game was at the executive—not playing—level. In 1932 he managed the Sea Fleas, sponsored by the National Yacht Club, to the Allan Cup, emblematic of the best senior amateur hockey team in Canada. Ballard later moved on to the West Toronto Nationals junior team, and between 1936 and 1940 he twice managed them to the Memorial Cup, which goes to the best junior team in Canada.

Following World War II, Ballard became manager of the Junior Toronto Marlboros; the coach of the Marlies was his future partner, Stafford Smythe. Then, when Stafford's father Conn bought the Marlies in 1948, Harold Ballard moved into Maple Leaf Gardens.

Ballard became president of the highly successful Marlboros in 1957 and a director of Maple Leaf Gardens the following year. It was at this time that he and Stafford Smythe befriended John Bassett, publisher of the now-defunct Toronto Telegram and a member of the Maple Leafs' board of directors since 1952. The three of them set about gaining controlling interest in the team.

After a bitter struggle, the triumvirate succeeded in 1961 when Ballard swung a loan of \$2 million from a local bank. The Ballard-Bassett-Smythe team bought out the elder Smythe for \$2.5 million, thus gaining control of the Maple Leafs—a team that has not had an unsold seat at any of its games since 1946—as well as Maple Leaf Gardens, which was built in the height of the Depression, 1931, for \$1.5 million and has been called the most famous building in Canada. Today those properties, owned 90% by Harold Ballard, are worth around \$40 million.

Under the Ballard-Bassett-Smythe troika, the Maple Leafs promptly won three straight Stanley Cups. Ballard, in the meantime, set about squeezing liquid gold from the Gardens' very old stone. The first thing he did was tear down the immense portrait of Her Maj-

esty the Queen that the patriotic Smythe had always featured at one end of the Gardens—in order to add more seats. "If people wanted to see a portrait of the queen, they could have gone to an art gallery," Ballard says. "Smythe didn't like me kicking her tail out of here, but what the hell, she doesn't pay me anything. I pay her. Besides, what position can she play?"

He tripled the Leafs' television revenues from \$450,000 to \$1.5 million, expanded the seating capacity of the building from 12,500 to 16,307 and increased advertising rates inside the Gardens. Sponsors shelled out without a murmur. Ballard also began booking the Gardens for as many dates as he could schedule—religious shows, ballet, rock concerts, wrestling, ice shows—and within two years profits had tripled, from the \$350,000 the building made when Conn Smythe ran the show to over \$1 million. Within four years, Ballard and Stafford Smythe paid off the \$2 million they had borrowed to buy into the Gardens.

While the fortunes of the Maple Leafs took a downward turn after they won their last Stanley Cup in 1967, running the Gardens remained a highly profitable and visible venture for Ballard. Bassett and Stafford Smythe gave Ballard a free hand in managing the building and booking the shows, and Harold quickly earned himself the reputation of a modern-day P. T. Barnum.

When Muhammad Ali, having refused induction into the army, couldn't find a place to fight in the U.S. in 1966, Ballard booked Ali and Ernie Terrell into Maple Leaf Gardens. When Terrell withdrew because of an injury, Ballard personally selected Canadian champion George Chuvalo to replace him. The afternoon of the fight, Ballard went into Ali's dressing room and, he says, asked him to string Chuvalo along for a few rounds. Ballard recalls, "He told me not to worry. He said it was one fight I was going to enjoy. Then he asked me if there was a room he could use privately. He wanted to pray to Allah, but I didn't know what he meant. I thought he wanted to use the john, so that's where I took him. The champ didn't like that very much."

Neither did Conn Smythe. A veteran of two wars, Smythe protested the Ali fight by resigning his position as chairman of the board of Maple Leaf Gardens. Stafford Smythe threatened to

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You're going to eat it up.

'79 CHEVY MALIBU



break with Ballard over the incident, too. But Ballard held firm, and the fight was a sellout. Says Kang Clancy, Ballard's vice-president and constant companion, "You can't back Ballard into a corner. He'll fight his way out. Won't back up an inch."

Ballard himself walked the plank on Aug. 15, 1972. In 1961 he had deposited \$123,000 of the Toronto Marlboros' funds into his private bank account, and he also had charged \$82,000 of construction work done on his summer home to the Maple Leaf Gardens. The Gardens also paid for motorcycles for both of Ballard's sons and limousine service for his daughter's wedding. By 1972 Ballard owned 85% of Maple Leaf Gardens, Ltd. Ballard and Stafford Smythe had bought out Bassett for \$5.4 million (on an original investment of \$900,000). And then, when Stafford Smythe, facing criminal charges similar to Ballard's, died of a bleeding ulcer in 1971, Ballard bought his shares for \$7.5 million after ousting the Smythe family for control of the Gardens corporation.

When Ballard came up for sentencing, the courtroom was so crowded that spectators jammed into the jury box to listen. A promoter to his very core, Ballard remarked to a court official, "We should have sold tickets." During the trial, Ballard's defense had pleaded for leniency because of his age and past service to the community. One character witness after another marched to the stand to tell of Ballard's unsung work for Toronto charities. But, as one witness recalls, "The prosecution said, 'Yes, we agree, Mr. Ballard has always given lots of money. But it wasn't always his own.'" Ballard was sentenced to three years at Millhaven.

He harbored few feelings of guilt. "Any infinitesimal guilt I felt disappeared when I signed the check paying the money back to the Gardens," he said. Ballard rebounded from the prison sentence in his usual manner—by swinging wildly from the mouth. During a furlough he was granted so he could attend the signing of Darryl Sittler's long-term contract with the Maple Leafs, Ballard plastered his own name all over the front pages of Canada by announcing that the food at Millhaven was "out of this world. In some ways it's more like a motel than a penal institution." He said a typical meal consisted of "tenderloin steak, garden peas, baked potato, apple pie and ice cream." One news story ended "Ballard looked

the very picture of a businessman heading back to the cottage for a swim."

Ballard ran Maple Leaf Gardens from his cell, and was extremely popular with the inmates. He arranged for many of their families to receive Christmas staples, and when one of his newfound friends from Millhaven was being sprung, Ballard obtained his measurements and had a wardrobe waiting for him. Wary of ruining his tough-guy image, Ballard made no mention of these acts of kindness, and today laughs them off as moments of weakness.

"I'm not a tough guy," says Ballard. "I'm a businessman." He then delivers an anecdote portraying what a businessman is. Several Christmases back, Harold Jr. and Bill Ballard gave their father two piranhas in an aquarium. "One piranha ate the other one," Ballard says approvingly. "It's the same as human beings in business."

Age has not slowed Ballard a bit. He is indefatigable in running his club and his building. He is at his desk by 7 a.m., after no more than six hours' sleep, dreaming up trades for the center he feels his club needs to win the Stanley Cup; scheming about how to increase the use of Maple Leaf Gardens, which is already booked some 290 times a year; and trying to figure new ways to wring out profits. A few years ago he came up with the notion that the manufacturers' names which appear on the side of hockey sticks—Kobe, Northland, C.C.M.—constituted free advertising. He sent a directive to the club trainer to send them off. Only last week the Toronto Star wrote Ballard and suggested that he could reap some extra revenue by selling advertising on the hockey pucks. Harold mulled it over, then wrote back that it was a "splendid idea" but unfeasible. Ads on a three-inch object were just too small to read, he said.

Ballard follows his teams everywhere, always with Clancy in tow, traveling up to 100,000 miles a year. If the horses are in town, Clancy and Ballard will be there, too. He and Clancy hope to open a stable of a few horses in the next year, which they will call the King Bee stable. "It will give me a chance to write off a few trips to Florida every year, anyway," Ballard says. "I've got to get even with the government somehow."

People joke that Clancy, an NHL player and referee for 25 seasons, is really

the vice-president in charge of conversation, but he clearly helps to keep Ballard young. When Babe Ruth hit his 60 home runs in 1927, Clancy was leading the Ottawa Senators to the Stanley Cup. He is the only man ever to play all six positions in pro hockey. After retiring as a player in 1937, Clancy became the most colorful referee the game has ever known. In one game, Toronto's Babe Pratt protested a call by Clancy by throwing his glove in the air. Clancy said with an Irish lilt, "If that comes down, you've got a misconduct." Another time a doctor friend of Clancy's was razzing him mercilessly about his calls. Clancy skated over. "I sure make a lot of mistakes, don't I, Doc?"

"You sure do," the doctor chortled. "But there's one thing about my mistakes . . ."

"Oh?"

"I don't bury mine."

Ballard has said that the reason he purchased the Tiger-Cats was to give Clancy and him something to do in the summer. "I'm not the kind of guy who likes to put his feet up at the cottage all summer and watch the sky stay up," Ballard says. Ballard's purchase was bitterly fought by John Munro, a Hamilton resident and then Canada's Federal Minister of Labor. In the midst of his anti-Ballard campaign, Munro said he would feel more comfortable if the Montreal Canadiens were buying the Tiger-Cats. That was enough for Ballard. At his most eloquent, Ballard stated, "That's another in the never-ending series of morose statements from one of Canada's supposed leaders. Next thing you know, this Munro character will be crawling on his yellow belly asking me for free tickets." (According to rumors, Ballard now may sell the Hamilton franchise and buy the Toronto Argonauts.)

That outburst was pure Ballard blather. Retired NHL President Clarence Campbell, asked to say a few words at a surprise testimonial dinner for Ballard sponsored by five of Toronto's charities last spring, said to the 1,000 guests, "Harold Ballard can be the most devastating, abusive and profane adversary you would care to meet. The degree of the vehemence of his calumny varies directly with his contempt for his adversary."

Ballard's calumny has been at its most vehement toward Campbell's successor, John Ziegler. Irked when Ziegler ordered him to remove the Tiger-Cat logo from

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the ice at the Gardens—the same logo that Tiger Williams affectionately kissed each time he scored a goal—Ballard began dismissing the new president as an office boy. He made constant references to Ziegler's diminutive size. When Ziegler ordered Ballard to put his players' names on the back of their jerseys, Ballard refused, complaining it would hurt program sales. Ziegler fined him \$2,000. Ballard capitulated as only Ballard can—by adding the lettering in the same color as the underlying jersey: Maple Leaf blue. "I just did it to antagonize the little dictator," he says.

To his credit, Ziegler was also at Ballard's testimonial dinner in April—wearing a Maple Leaf jersey with ziegler sewn across the back in Maple Leaf blue. After CFL President Jake Gaudaur congratulated Ballard on putting his money where his mouth was, Ziegler cracked, "Fortunately, Harold has enough money to match the opening of his mouth."

Ballard has not smoked or drunk since

the death of Stafford Smythe seven years ago, instead indulging a gargantuan appetite for chocolates, peanut butter and ice cream—extraordinary behavior for a man with diabetes. "I caught it from Clancy," he says with glee. Ballard has been known to devour a two-pound box of chocolates in half an hour. A shade under six feet, Ballard is probably 60 pounds overweight, but by no means is he a tub of lard. He keeps his extra pounds firmly in his belly, like a fat distance swimmer. He can, in fact, swim five or six miles with ease. He is agile and clear-eyed, with as full a head of hair, tinted reddish, as any man of 75 years has a right to expect. And he walks at a pace that someone one-third his age must struggle to match. All in all, Ballard lives like a man who has made his pact with the devil and knows no fear.

He has no plans to step down from the Gardens' presidency, or even to slow down. There are Stanley Cups and Grey Cups to win, an NBA basketball team to

buy. Perhaps even a new Maple Leaf Gardens complex to build. Ballard insists he will be taken out with his boots on, that he will probably die of throat trouble—"Somebody will hang me."

No they won't. You don't hang a carnival Carnivals pass away with a dignified flourish, as Phineas Taylor Barnum—Prince of the Humbugs—did. Irving Wallace, Barnum's biographer, wrote, "In his 81st year, Barnum fell gravely ill. At his request, a New York newspaper published his obituary in advance so that he might enjoy it. Two weeks later, on the morning of April 7, 1891, after inquiring about the box-office receipts of the circus, Barnum died in his Connecticut mansion."

For a promoter and showman, what better guarantee for a peaceful rest than knowing all is well with the box office at the very last? But pity the paper that prints a Ballard obit in advance for his enjoyment. He'd recover and go on for years, just to annoy everyone. **END**



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THE MONDAY NIGHT ALTERNATIVE



STRAM CALLS THE SHOTS. BUCK CALLS THE PLAYS

At the start of Monday football evenings, radio and television represent the difference between lively conversation after a good dinner and the sounds of carnival barkers. On the CBS Radio Network, Jack Buck and Hank Stram chat easily on such subjects as the problems of sacked quarterbacks and defenses, and then move smartly into the starting lineups for the forthcoming game. At the same time, television screens are flooded with commercials and rapid-fire plugs for ABC-TV network shows. On radio, Buck and Stram reflect upon the strategies of the teams about to play; on television, the images of Howard Cosell, Frank Gifford and Don Meredith appear, with music, fanfare and more salesmanship, and then the game begins. And what follows is a growing nationwide exercise in split-mind thinking.

To the 45 million or so folks who watch Monday Night Football, Gifford and Cosell talk the way they always do—the one delivering play-by-play with reasoned accuracy, the other riding horseback up and down the mountainous terrain of his own vocabulary. Meredith provides his unique kind of corpse-quarterback relief. The format is familiar.

Meanwhile, a far smaller group of fans is immersed in the relatively new and stimulating experience of listening to the Buck and Stram Show, which began broadcasts of NFL Monday night games in September. The ra-

dio program pulls in about 10 million listeners, depending on the number of CBS stations—from 260 to 300 a week—that pick up the game. And there is little doubt that its popularity will continue to grow. Of course, quite a few of these listeners couldn't watch TV even if they wanted to, since they are riding in automobiles, but those at home have found that easy radio listening is an antidote to TV hype and hard sell.

At 54, Jack Buck is strictly a low-key old hand who has broadcast every-

thing from bowling to hometown wrestling. His is a familiar bass voice. He is a non-hysterical, just-call-the-play announcer. He is also entirely human; during a two-year stint covering the Dallas Cowboys, Buck constantly referred to Pettis Norman as Norman Pettis. "In Dallas," he says, "I'm known as Buck Jack." Either way, Buck is backed nicely by Stram. The former coach of the Kansas City Chiefs (15 years) and New Orleans Saints (28 games) tells everybody that he would be delighted to get out of broadcasting if he could get back into coaching. But it would be a loss to radio if he did. Stram, 55, brings a fresh and incisive approach to the so-called analyst's spot. He manages to avoid the roles of unemployed messiah and jargon-strangled technician so often foisted upon helpless football fans.

Stram is both gutsy and casual about laying his knowledge on the line in terms of predicting the plays to be called, and he tells listeners why it figures that the quarterback or the defense will make certain moves. Sometimes he spots something in the formation—a slight deviation in the posture of a tight end—or he notices the repositioning of a linebacker. "I see things with a coach's eye, not as a former player who knows only one position," he says. "I try to call the games with my own insights. Anybody can give statistics and tell what hometowns the players are from. I talk about what I know—as a coach."

The delivery of this expertise is smooth and relaxed. "Jack Buck is the perfect play-by-play guy for me," Stram says. "He is economical and vivid in his descriptions and he gives me plenty of time to say what I think. Sometimes it can be terribly frustrating if I've got something to say and I can't get in because the other guy won't stop talking. This doesn't happen with Jack; we've got a fine chemistry."

The chemistry also includes a television monitor in their broadcast booth, tuned to the ABC telecast. But Stram says he rarely looks at it. "We don't consider the TV guys as competition," he says. "They have their philosophy on presenting a game and we have ours. If I watched the monitor all the time, I'd tend to shortchange the listeners who only have a radio."

The television network also has a far different pricing philosophy: Monday night commercials cost some \$170,000 per minute. The cost for radio varies considerably, but as one CBS spokesman put it, "If you took the price of a 30-second Super Bowl TV commercial, about \$185,000, you could buy time on every one of our 36 NFL broadcasts."

Still, the idea of making CBS radio a sort of counter-TV attraction is spreading. Station WGST, the CBS affiliate in Atlanta, promotes its Buck-Stram broadcasts with the slogan TELEVISION SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD. Advertising Age, commenting on Budweiser becoming a major sponsor of the radio show, reported, "Anheuser-Busch is banking on sports fans watching ABC's video, but tuning out Howard Cosell's audio and turning on CBS radio coverage."

And that is indeed happening. The marriage of ABC video and CBS radio makes a nice electronic meld. The lively and informative words of Buck and Stram fit almost perfectly with the pictures appearing on the screen. The radio commercials are unobtrusive, and whatever they are ranting at you to buy on TV doesn't matter as long as the sound is off anyway. The TV silence is filled by Stram's explaining in lucid terms such things as why a linebacker winds up all alone covering the tight end who has just caught a 20-yard pass. Obviously, this is a most civilized use of mass communications. **END**

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1886



1882



1896

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The new Kodak Ektramax camera.



Taken indoors without flash

Taken with built-in flash

Kodak gifts say
"Open me First!"
...to save Christmas
in pictures.

It's Roosevelt's new deal

With erstwhile non-scoring Center Roale Bouie now taking a hand in the offense, Syracuse overpowered upstart Iona 89-76 to reaffirm its supremacy in the East

Iona Coach Jim Valvano had the Syracuse Orangemen right where he wanted them last Saturday night. With 8:40 remaining in the first half of the Carrier Classic championship game, Center Jeff Rutland sank a 15-foot jump shot to give Iona a 27-20 lead, and the upstart little school from New Rochelle, N.Y. was socking it to the classiest team in the East. And the Gaels were doing it in Manley Field House, where the Orangemen are as deadly inside as the frostbite is outside. "That's when I told the players to start putting their points on," Valvano said later. "I wanted to get out of the gym while we were still ahead."

Not a bad idea, but the Gaels lingered too long. While the fans howled and the ushers blocked the exits, Syracuse charged back into the lead, outscoring Iona 25-8 in the nearly six minutes after Rutland's basket and eventually winning 89-76. The outcome left little doubt as to which team is the best in the East or, for that matter, one of the best in the country.

Even if Iona lost the game, at least it won some respect, particularly from Syracuse Coach Jim Boeheim, a John Dean lookalike who has a wonderful memory and always tells the truth. Before the tournament Boeheim had predicted Iona would lose its opening-round game to Utah State. Even when the Gaels won 73-61, he was not very impressed. But after watching Iona up close in the finals, he admitted he had been wrong. "I misjudged you," Boeheim told Valvano during the postgame handshake. "You're a lot better than I thought you were." How much better? "I'll be shocked if they don't win at least 21 games."

Twenty-one—or better—is a game

Syracuse plays just about every winner. The Orangemen have been to six straight NCAA tournaments, and they seem certain to make it seven this year. Without having broken much of a sweat, they are already 4-0; their home-game winning streak has now reached 33. So far Whitlister has fallen by 49, North Carolina A&T by 25 and Western Michigan by 22. The 93-71 waltz past Western on Friday night not only put Syracuse in the Carrier finals but also gave the school its 1,000th victory.

The two main reasons for Syracuse's grand success are Forward Dale Shackelford, the Carrier MVP with 46 points in two games, and Center Roosevelt Bouie, who has finally added some offense—37 points last weekend—to go with his formidable defense. He had 23 rebounds and 13 blocks in the Classic. When Forward Louis Orr stops hobbling—he has a bad right knee—Syracuse will be even better.

While Orange fans wait, they can enjoy the sudden development of Bouie, a 6'11" junior who has started to show some Artis Gilmore moves to complement his Artis Gilmore Afro. Bouie averaged only 10.7 points a game his first two seasons, but now he is up to 17.2. "I have a new attitude," he explains. "It's 'try to stop me.' When I get out on the court, I feel like I'm gonna explode."

Bouie's new aggressiveness and a deeper awareness of his potential developed last summer when he attended a basketball camp, played in the U.S.S.R., and toured Italy with the Syracuse team. "I tried to soak up everything from everybody," he says. "Anything anyone wanted to whisper in my ear, I'd think about before I went to sleep. Instead of looking for newfangled ways, I learned



Rutland-Bouie standoff gave Syracuse an edge

that what I really needed to improve were the basics, like squaring up to the basket before I jump, shooting from a comfortable position on the court and keeping my hands up ready for the ball." Thus instructed, Bouie averaged 22 a game in Italy and scored 30 against the Soviets' 7'4" Vladimir Tkachenko in a tournament there. "When I took my first look at him," Bouie recalls, "I said to myself, 'I'm not telling anybody, but he scares me to death.'"

According to Boeheim, "Bouie isn't near his potential yet, but he has improved 200% since last year. He's not

continued

hiding out on offense anymore. He has a lot more confidence in himself, and so do his teammates. They're not shy about passing him the ball." And Boeheim maintains that there is good reason for his center's late development. "In high school the biggest guy he played against was 6' 4"—and that was his sister."

Another player showing dramatic offensive improvement is Shackelford, whose 22.8 points per game are nearly nine higher than his average of a year ago, when he mostly played guard. Shackelford is a basketball rarity, a good scorer who is not a good shooter. He gets his points by breaking away, by penetrating, by hanging around for garbage, by doing just about everything except sinking 20-foot jump shots. Those are usually provided by Hal Cohen and Marty Headd, who shuffle in and out of the backcourt with Eddie Moss, Mark Cubit and anybody else Boeheim wants to try.

This kind of talent and depth is rare in Eastern basketball. Rarer still is the Eastern team that can stand up to the top powers from other regions. Syracuse did that last year by beating New Mexico on the road and Michigan State at home. This season the Orangemen are hoping to do it again in the finals of a holiday tournament at Kentucky. If Syracuse is to solidify a spot high in the national rankings, it will need to meet—and beat—the Wildcats. Now that the Orangemen have gotten past Iowa, the probable match with Kentucky is the only really tough one on their schedule. Eight of Syracuse's remaining opponents did not even have winning records last year, and half a dozen or more are so weak this season that they might as well mail in losing scores right now.

Even so, Boeheim can rightfully claim, "We've established ourselves as one of the better teams in the country. We're starting to attract the highly recruited kids like Bouie and freshman Rick Harmon, and we've gotten some big wins outside our area, which is something other Eastern teams haven't been able to do."

But it is home an renovated Manley that Syracuse is toughest. The Orangemen have lost only 27 times there since 1963, and just five since 1971. During the current 33-game streak, Michigan State is the only club to come as close as eight points. "No matter what you hear about the fans or the officials here, the only way you can have a record this good is with talent," says Boeheim.

Iona has neither the tradition nor the resources of Syracuse, but it does have a manic coach and two quality players in Ruland, a 6' 9" sophomore, and Glenn Vickers, a 6' 3" junior guard. Valvano sold both of them on the challenge of building a program from the bottom, although both had plenty of opportunities to start at the top. "We're the Rocky of college basketball," Valvano says. "It won't be long before we're a hell of a team. But we have to realize that when we play a really good team we can determine the outcome of the game ourselves, instead of sitting back and waiting for our opponent to do it."

There were signs this attitude was developing in the win over Utah State, a Top 20 team last year and a good one this season. Iona built a 13-point lead in the second half, let it slip down to one and then built it right back up. During the Gaels' winning surge, Ruland showed why schools such as Kentucky were drooling over him before he signed with Iona. He intercepted a Utah State pass in his defensive half of the floor, dribbled downcourt, flipped a behind-the-back pass to a teammate on the wing and, upon taking a return loss, dunked the basket that gave the Gaels a 64-55 lead. "Knowing we're supposed to win is a new kind of pressure for us," Valvano says. "It's like putting a bow tie on a pig. You can dress him up, but he doesn't know how he should act."

Last Saturday night the finery of success was worn best by Syracuse. Shackelford led all scorers with 30 points; Bouie had 18 and blocked eight shots; and six other Orangemen played 17 minutes or more. Iona's frustration after its shining moment in the first half was epitomized by Ruland. Although he scored 21 points and grabbed 14 rebounds, he also committed 10 turnovers and spent most of the second half vainly waving for the ball before finally fouling out. Valvano called the Bouie-Ruland matchup a "standoff," but if it was, it was more a tribute to the vastly improved Bouie than it was an accomplishment for Ruland.

Iona, now 3-1, can only aspire to the success Syracuse has enjoyed for years. The Orangemen are so jaded that they even grouse about the home winning margin. "We're spoiled around here," Boeheim says. "If we're not ahead by 25 or more, we think something is wrong." But, of course, that does not happen very often.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 27-Dec. 31)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST "Tucson, Tucson," chanted the fans at the Las Vegas Convention Center. What caused the frenzy was that Nevada-Las Vegas was shredding San Francisco much as it had done at the NCAA regional in Tucson two years ago when the Rebels won 121-95. This time Vegas was a 117-82 victor. The Rebels' frisky offense was spurred on by 6' 6" freshman Michael (Spiderman) Burns' 21 points and by Earl Evans' 19 points and 13 rebounds. Vegas was also a terror on defense, its full-court press producing 38 turnovers—11 on steals—that led to 37 points. The Dons got 31 points and 22 rebounds from Bill Cartwright, but had to play without 6' 8" Guy Williams, who had pneumonia. San Francisco won two earlier games, beating Chico State 77-53 and California 76-67.

UCLA's senior backcourt combination of Brad Holland and Roy Hamilton was too much for Santa Clara. Holland, a substitute until this season, played his first game as he sank nine of 11 shots and produced 20 points, nine assists and two steals. Hamilton had his normal dazzling statistics: 24 points, nine assists and six steals.

Southern Cal, striving to overcome its billing as Los Angeles' "other" team, began its season with two home wins. Down 48-47 at halftime against Houston, the Trojans rallied for an 88-80 victory. Against Utah, USC broke to a 12-4 lead and cruised to a 70-56 victory as the Trojans kept the Lies off balance with a 3-2 zone that limited hot-shooting Danny Vranes to nine points.

Long Beach State, which had joined Texas the week before, came up with a second upset, stunning Cincinnati 84-72.

Arizona State took the Fiesta Classic by trouncing San Jose State 89-74 and outgunning New Mexico 104-100.

Nevada-Reno beat Pan American 83-69.

1. UCLA (3-0)

2. USC (2-0) 3. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS (2-0)

MIDWEST Three of the week's biggest upsets were perpetrated in the Midwest, and two of the victims were Big Eight teams. Iowa State journeyed to Creighton, where the Bluejays pulled off a 55-54 shocker as John C. Johnson scored 16 points. Nebraska, bewildered by a Purdue defense that alternated from man-to-man to a zone, was jarred 58-47 by the Huskermakers. The Huskers didn't score for the first 6:35 of the second half and went 3-54 down the stretch without a point. Earlier, Nebraska poked Minnesota's zone for a 58-48 win.

Kansas had little trouble taking care of

continued

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Farleigh Dickinson, 91-68, and Murray State, 81-66, as Darnell Valentine hit on 16 of 25 field-goal tries and had 39 points. The first game drew 15,125 fans, the largest turnout in Allen Field House since Walt Chamberlain made his debut as a Jayhawk in 1956.

The other upset came at Southwest Louisiana, where the Ragin' Cajuns never led Nevada-Reno until Andrew Toney canned two free throws with six seconds left for the last of his 27 points in a 73-71 win. Reno had started its season with a 77-73 victory at Houston, only the 13th loss in 124 games for the Cougars at Hofheim Pavilion.

More important to Texas than its three wins was the play of 6'7" Phil Stroud at center, where the Longhorns are desperate for help. Stroud had 13 rebounds and 11 points, easily the best performance by a Longhorn center this season, as Texas routed Brigham Young 96-57. The Longhorns set a scoring record for a Southwest Conference team by clothebanging Northern Montana 148-71 behind Jim Kravac's 43 points and then had to rally to overtake Arkansas State 68-54.

Tennessee met Louisville in a game that turned out to be a comedy of air balls, double dribbles, collisions, 32 fouls and 48 turnovers. The Cardinals prevailed handily, if not adroitly, 82-61. Louisville's Bobby Turner flipped in 18 points, and freshman Center Scooter McCray added 17, grabbed eight rebounds and blocked four shots. Another strong Metro Conference team, Virginia Tech, beat Sanford 101-68 and VMI 79-66.

Unlike its football team, which has lost a record 42 games in a row, Marquette's basketball squad came up a winner by beating Duquesne 75-65.

1. LOUISVILLE (3-1)

2. KANSAS (2-0) 3. TEXAS (3-1)

MIDEAST Jud Heathcote of Michigan State and Johnny Orr of Michigan sounded like anything but victorious coaches. "The last five minutes, we looked like a YMCA team," complained Heathcote. Maybe so, but as Central Michigan found out, playing the Spartans is no nutting at the Y. State beat the Chippewas 71-54 as Gregory Kieber had 30 points and 16 rebounds and Eamon Johnson 14 points and 11 assists. At halftime of his game against Central, Orr told his Wolverines, "You look like five strangers out there." Despite 28 Michigan turnovers, the Chippewas went down 87-78, Mike McGee pumping in 30 points for the Wolverines. Michigan's teamwork improved markedly during a 99-34 conquest of Alabama. McGee had 27 points, while Phil Hubbard held the Tide's Reggie King to 31 points. Hubbard, playing for the second time since having knee surgery 13 months ago, popped in 49 points in the two games. Indiana, which had lost two of its first three games, beat Morehead (Ky.) State 80-37.

Notre Dame Marquette and Dayton three powerful independents, all played for the first time and won. Valparaiso's zone press proved pesky in the early going at South Bend, but the Irish kept shuffling in fresh players and pulled away for an 87-57 triumph. Marquette beat Belmont Abbey 70-56 as Bernard Toney scored 30 points. The Warriors then sent Northern Michigan to an 80-50 defeat. Dayton, which only won the battle of the boards against Wittenberg 43-42, nonetheless won the game 66-54 as Jim Paxson got 18 points and 10 assists. Paxson again excelled as the Flyers fought off McNeese (La.) State 85-75, he tossed in 31 points and got 10 assists. McNeese outrebounced Dayton 44-41, with 6'10" David Lawrence snaring four those moved shots.

It was a battle of giants when Indiana State and its 6'9", 215-pound Larry Bird faced Purdue and its 7'1", 240-pound Joe Barry Carroll at West Lafayette. Bird had 22 points, 15 rebounds, four assists, two steals, and lost the ball three times. Carroll, who was guarded by Bird, had 22 points, 14 rebounds, one assist, four blocked shots and seven turnovers. With Carroll at the foul line and the Sycamores ahead 56-53 with 47 seconds left, Bird needed to teammate Steve Reed. When Carroll moved his shot, Bird rebounded and heaved a two-handed over-the-head pass far down court, where Reed turned it into a lay-up to cinch State's 63-53 win.

It's a good thing Louisville State Coach Dale Brown is no optimist. After learning that his best player, Duane Macklin, had broken a bone in his left foot in practice and would be lost for at least six weeks, Brown knew his dream of taking the Southwestern Conference title had been dimmed. However, Brown talked most about his hopes that Macklin would be in top form for the SEC's new postseason tournament, which will determine the conference's NCAA qualifier. Before Macklin was hurt, the Tigers decked New Orleans 64-42. With Macklin out, LSU toppled Oral Roberts 91-75. Buoying Roberts' spirits in that second win were two sophomores—DeWayne Scales, who had 23 points and 15 rebounds, and Greg Cook, who replaced Macklin and got 17 rebounds and 10 points.

Reigning NCAA champion Kentucky opened its season with a 109-77 thrashing of La Salle. The Explorers' flashy Michael Brooks had 23 points and 16 rebounds.

Two other SEC contenders, Mississippi State and Georgia, were winners. With Ricky Brown scoring 42 points and grabbing 21 rebounds and with Ray White adding 40 points, State beat South Alabama 86-78 and Auburn-Montgomery 90-68. Hugh Durham's first game as Georgia's coach was a 91-68 romp over Rollins. Walter Dumeck sank 14 of 18 shots and had 32 points in that win.

1. NOTRE DAME (1-0)

2. MICHIGAN STATE (1-0) 3. LSU (3-0)

EAST During the warmups before the finale of the Big Four tournament in Greensboro, N.C., Duke's players exuded confidence. Kenny Dennard of the Blue Devils popped orange bubble gum, and Gene Banks, while feeding off Globetrotter-style passes, did a soft-shoe in rhythm with the tooting of the Duke pep band. But when North Carolina zipped ahead 6-0 before Duke got off a shot, the Blue Devils had to shake their fancy dancing and buckle down to pull out a 78-68 victory.

At Wood kept Carolina close, popping in 12 of his 16 points during a five-minute burst in the second half before fouling out with six minutes to go. For Duke, the big gun was tournament MVP Mike Gminski, who wound up with 24 points and 11 rebounds.

Duke had an even tougher time against North Carolina State in the first round as Clyde (The Glider) Austin tossed in 21 points for the Wolfpack. With the score tied at 63-63, State used a delay offense for more than four minutes before losing possession on a faulty pass. Thereafter the Blue Devils were flawless, clinging to the half until it was time to set up Banks for the deciding lay-in with six seconds remaining.

North Carolina had made it to the final by beating Wake Forest 71-55. In the next night's third-place game, the Wolfpack defeated the Deacons 77-70.

In a tuncup for the tournament, Duke had battled back from a 39-36 halftime deficit to overtake Southern Methodist 86-80.

Even though Georgia Tech had swamped

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CLIFF ROBINSON: Putting on 20 pounds since last season—he now weighs 220—did not slow down USC's 6'9" sophomore, who had 49 points and 26 rebounds as the Trojans beat Houston 88-89 and Utah 70-56.

Baptist (S.C.) 111-54, Coach Duane Morrison was not entirely pleased. His complaint: "We've got to learn to play relaxed." Four days later the Yellow Jackets were completely at ease as they breezed past Georgia by a surprising 75-51 score. Tech's zone neutralized the Bulldogs' height advantage, and Sonny Drummer flicked in 29 points. Against Baptist, Drummer had scored 25 in 21 minutes.

Rhode Island beat Brown 67-54, Stotchill 85-57 and New Hampshire 103-73 as Sly Williams lived up to his preseason promise to play a more balanced game. Williams had 66 points, 25 rebounds and 10 assists.

Georgetown dumped Maryland 68-65 as Eric Floyd led the way with 28 points. The Hoyas then defeated St. Bonaventure 71-59.

1. DUKE (4-0)

2. N. CAROLINA ST. (4-1) 3. SYRACUSE (4-0)

A finale according to form

There were close calls but no upheavals as traditional rivals did battle and the final few bowl berths were decided

Everything's better with Bluebonnet on it." So sang the Auburn rooters in the crowd of 79,218 at Legion Field in Birmingham as the Tigers took the field last Saturday hoping to spoil the season for Alabama. Bluebonnet is the bowl the SEC runner-up will play in, and if 6-3-1 Auburn could pull off an upset, the No. 2-ranked Crimson Tide would face unranked Stanford in the Astrodome instead of No. 1 Penn State in the Sugar Bowl. So psyched up was Tiger Defensive Tackle Frank Warren that he sent a message to Alabama Offensive Tackle Jim Bunch. "Tell Bunch to pack his lunch," Warren said. "It's going to be a long afternoon."

It was, but mainly for Auburn, as Alabama coolly registered a 34-16 victory to clinch the SEC title and the showdown with Penn State. But for a while Auburn seemed capable of springing the surprise. The Tigers led 13-10 until, with 32 seconds left in the first half, 'Bama's Jeff Rutledge tossed a 17-yard scoring pass to Bruce Bolton. In all, Rutledge threw three touchdown passes, raising his career total to 30 and breaking the Alabama record of 28 held by Joe Namath. "I'm happy today and I plan to be happier Jan. 1," said Tackle Marty Lyons. Bunch said nothing, but he had a student manager deliver a sandwich to Warren.

Despite the 160-yard rushing of Georgia Tech's Eddie Lee Ivey before he was injured in the third quarter, SEC runner-up Georgia overcame a 20-0 deficit to beat Tech 29-28. Willie McClelland, the

Bulldogs' leading rusher with 1,312 yards, a single-season school record, scored on blasts of one and two yards, and then Scott Woerner returned a punt 72 yards for another TD, giving Georgia a 21-20 lead. But Tech's Drew Hill returned the ensuing kickoff 101 yards for a touchdown, and a two-point conversion put the Yellow Jackets back on top 28-21.

With 2:24 to play, freshman Quarterback Buck Belue hit Anthony Arnold on a 42-yard scoring play and, after an interference call on the Bulldogs' first attempt at a two-point conversion, Arnold scampered across the goal line for the winning points. Said Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers, "It was like losing a tennis match when the last shot hits the tape."

Houston clinched the Southwest Conference championship and host berth in the Cotton Bowl by beating Rice 49-25, despite losing five fumbles and leading by only 14-10 at the half. After a Rice field goal early in the third quarter, Houston marched from its 20 to the Rice five, where Delrick Brown replaced injured Danny Davis at quarterback and slid into the end zone to lift Houston to a 21-13 lead. The Cougars scored on their next four possessions en route to rolling up a season-high 685 yards in total offense. Emmett Kling rushed for 147 yards and Randy Love netted 90 yards, as they became the first teammates in conference history to get 1,000 apiece.

Actually, the Cougars knew their New Year's plans earlier in the day when Texas Tech, which needed a combination of a victory over Arkansas and a Houston loss to go to the Cotton Bowl, was crushed 49-7 by the Razorbacks. All week long Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz had been telling his players that each of them would make headlines. And sure enough, before the game each player found his name in a banner headline on a newspaper in his locker. The headline on Running Back Ben Cowins' paper read **NOW COWINS EXCELS**. Living up to their ink, the Razorbacks scored six out of the first seven times they had the ball in the first half, on drives of 80, 16, 76, 76, 80 and 56 yards, to go up 42-0. Cow-

ins galloped for 148 yards to accomplish his third 1,000-yard season. Texas throttled Texas A&M 22-7, limiting 1,000-yard rusher Curtis Dickey to a career-low 11 yards.

Before the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, the cadets in the stands peeled off their capes and stripped down to T-shirts that bore a "12," signifying that the Corps would figuratively be Army's 12th man on the field. The way Navy played, 13 cadets wouldn't have been enough. The Middles forced six turnovers and cruised to a 28-0 win.

USC, LSU and Brigham Young tuned up for their Rose, Liberty and Holiday Bowl appearances with victories. Ronnie Lott intercepted a pass that led to one touchdown, and Riki Gray intercepted a pass and ran it in for another touchdown as USC beat Hawaii 21-5. Marc Wilson threw three TD passes in Brigham Young's 28-24 win over Nevada-Las Vegas in Yokohama, Japan. The LSU defense batted down two passes in its end zone in the closing moments against Wyoming to preserve a 24-17 victory. Departing coaches Doug Dickey of Florida and Fred Pancoast of Vanderbilt both suffered final-game losses. Florida (4-7) ran up a 21-3 lead but then collapsed in the second half to lose to Miami 22-21. Vanderbilt succumbed 41-15 to Tennessee as Volunteer Quarterback Jimmy Streeter ran and passed for 235 yards to bring his season total to a school-record 2,011 yards.

Winless Boston College had 24 first downs to Holy Cross' nine and ran up 466 yards to 172, but lost 30-29. The Eagles led 23-9 in the third quarter when a blocked field-goal attempt and a fumble led to touchdowns that tied the score, and a fourth-quarter touchdown gave Holy Cross a 30-23 lead. Boston College then drove 70 yards and scored on a Jay Palazola-to-Dan Conway pass to trail 30-29 with 1:03 to play. But Palazola's two-point conversion-pass attempt was batted down by Glenn Verrette.

Baldwin-Wallace won the NCAA Division III championship by defeating Wittenberg 24-10.

END

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Most of the time professional athletes are paid to jab, spike, ace, sack, crush and in general demoralize other professional athletes. So when a group of them gets together for a few days in Florida and they begin aiding and abetting, not to mention hugging and kissing each other, the occasion is worth notice. Even without the hugging and kissing, last week's mixed team championship at the Bardmoor Country Club near St. Petersburg would have been fairly memorable, though not as much fun. It produced two holes-in-one, a gaggle of eagles and two 63s. It also produced smiles on faces that had seldom been known to smile before.

The two people with the most to smile about Sunday evening were Pat Bradley and Lon Hinkle, though their grin had come the hard way. They had teed off that morning at 20 under par, two strokes up on Mike Hill and Vivian Brownlee, their closest pursuers, and six ahead of the next team. But after nine holes they had dropped a stroke; Hill and Brownlee had picked up one; they were tied for the lead and looking shaky. At the last hole Hinkle missed a 15-foot birdie putt that would have won. So they headed back out to the par-4 15th for sudden death.

Sudden it was. Neither Hill nor Brownlee had been in a playoff before, and their inexperience showed in their tee shots—his left of the fairway, hers right, both difficult. By contrast Bradley and Hinkle were back sailing again. She drove down the middle of the fairway, and he put his shot within 135 yards of the green. Now she hit an eight-iron eight feet above the hole, and he sank the putt for the winning birdie. Bradley hurled her visor into the air and herself into Hinkle's arms. Hinkle beamed as he had beamed all week.

In the tournament format, both players on a team hit tee shots, then both hit second shots, each off the other's ball. Then the team decided which ball to use for the third shot. From there they alternated shots on that ball till they had it in the hole. On the par 3s they chose a ball before the second shot. Occasionally a spark or two would fly over who was

Loose and courtly on the course

Mixed team golf produced good cheer as Hinkle and Bradley won a squeaker

to hit the approach and who the first putt, golfers being rather rugged individualists. When Jim Colbert claimed that his partner, Silvia Bertolacci, made all their decisions, Silvia's eyebrows flew up in surprise. "At the very start I said to her," Jim explained, "'You can just assume I'm going to want to hit every shot, so if you want to hit one just shout, I'm up.'" The system must have worked relatively well, because they finished sixth.

Gibby Gilbert and Sharon Miller led the tournament after a first-round 65, but then Hinkle and Bradley took over. Defending champions Hollis Stacy and Jerry Pate were on the fringe of the fight for a while, but the almost flawless 63 Hill and Brownlee put together on Saturday produced most of the rest of the excitement, setting the stage as it did for the Sunday horse race.

Bradley, a strong, blue-eyed Massachusetts girl who grew up among a gang of skiing brothers, is a natural athlete who hits the ball as far as anyone on the LPGA tour. She also skied, but when it came time to choose a livelihood she picked golf and a Florida college. This year was her fifth and best on the tour. It would have been considered outstanding, on the basis of her three wins, had it not occurred on the same planet where Nancy Lopez was performing miracles.

Hinkle is tall, moon-faced and good-natured, a long hater from California who played college golf at San Diego State and who has moved from 138th on the PGA Tour earnings list in 1976 to 60th in 1977 to 16th this year. In April he won his first tournament, the New Or-



Pat and Lon smiled most of the way through.

leans Open, after seven years of trying.

Most of the pairs had something in common. Either they were glamorous (Jan Stephenson and Tom Weiskopf) or they were managed by Mark McCormack (Laura Baugh and Peter Jacobsen) or they were under contract to Wilson (Stacy and Pate) or they shared a connection with someplace like Texas (Sandra Palmer and Miller Barber). Bradley and Hinkle got together because of a good deed Hinkle did five years ago. "We were playing together in the pro-am at the Kathryn Crosby tournament with three amateurs," says Bradley. "I had just turned pro and had enough problems hating my own ball without having to look for my amateurs' balls all over the lot and keep track of their scores. Lon told me not to worry, he'd take care of everything, and I've never forgotten that."

continued



Compatible Nancy and Curtis ended up fourth

Last year he wasn't eligible for this tournament, but this year, when he was, I jumped on him early, before he got away."

The event, formerly the Pepsi-Cola Mixed Team Championship but now the JCPenney Classic, is only three years old, and its novel appeal is undiminished. It is still the only tournament all year where Fuzzy Zoeller is going to step up to his ball on the 1st tee and say to his partner, "Let's get a par here today, you little marse, you," while Debbie Austin, the marse, grins from ear to ear and the crowd around the tee chortles delightedly. When Austin and Zoeller stood together last week, facing into the Florida wind, they looked like two frisky poodles. Such affinity did not ensure making the cut, however, and they missed. So did the promising new pairings of Garner and Lou Graham and Donna Caponi Young and Lee Trevino.

The format did not permit very many bogeys. At least one of the partners had to be putting well every day for a team to remain in contention, and it helped, too, if the woman was long off the tee, accurate, or both. As Bradley was, "She's in play on every single hole," said Hinkle, "which is more than I can say for me." Hinkle described with amusement how disorienting the team experience could be. "You can hit a terrible drive and find yourself with an 80-yard wedge to the green; then you hit a perfect drive and you're back there with a two-iron."

Basically, however, the atmosphere at Bardmoor was downright civilized, and therein lay the novelty. In a sport in which egotism is basic to survival, small kindnesses—a smile, a pat on the back, a heartfelt "Hoo-eee!"—go a long way. Nothing but money was at stake, to be sure, no exemptions, no invitations to the Masters, no year-end honors, but there was plenty of loot. The Penney purse was \$300,000, up \$100,000 over last year. Broken down, that meant \$30,000 for each of the winners and \$19,500 for each of the runners-up. For the women, their \$150,000 share was exceeded only by the Colgate-Dinah Shore tournament purse, and not even Lopez, with a record-breaking \$189,813 in earnings for the year, was prepared to skip it. Only the top 44 women were eligible to play, and almost every one of them did. For someone like Bradley, with \$118,057 already in hand, the event was a challenge and the win a great way to wind up the year. But the 31-year-old Brownlee had earned only \$20,804, only slightly over the break-even point for the women, and for her, success at the Bardmoor was the difference between treading water and making financial headway.

The men, on the other hand, are quite accustomed to playing for considerably larger purses. To the top 10 on the 1978 money list, six of whom were playing at Bardmoor, \$30,000 would do little more than create additional tax problems. But Mike Hill, Brownlee's partner, had won only \$17,648 on a tour in which the average player's expenses are between \$25,000 and \$30,000, and finishing second was for him, too, the difference between red and black ink.

In other words, behind its amiable facade the mixed team championship had a lot of drama going for it. Take the pairing of Lopez and Curtis Strange. Last year, when the tournament was won by

Stacy and Pate, the only challenge on the last day came from Lopez and Strange, who were then the two most promising newcomers in the game. At that point both had been playing the tours for about five months and neither had yet won, but both had already been signed by McCormack, both had extraordinary records as amateur and college players and great things were expected of them.

That was 12 months ago. In the intervening year Lopez has so far exceeded even the most optimistic forecasts that she already has achieved lasting celebrity. Strange, on the other hand, has had a rough go, at least by the standards he had set for himself. He closed the year 88th on the money list, with \$29,346. The stress of the tour reached him, and last week at the Bardmoor friends said that he was once again working himself into a state. Early in the week he admitted that he had been having trouble sleeping again. And who could blame him? If lovely-Lopez-who-never-loses were to lose at Bardmoor, people might well point accusing fingers at her non-winner partner.

In the end, though, Lopez and Strange finished a respectable fourth and split \$16,000. Fortunately for Strange's state of mind, it was clear from the beginning that Lopez also was not at her best. Only a week earlier she had returned from Kuala Lumpur, where she had won her ninth tournament of the year. She said she was tired, that she felt five years older than she had a year ago and she appeared to be going through the motions much of the time. She and Strange joked with the press (Q: Nancy, what happens if you and Curtis disagree? A: I punch him out), but except for a string of four birdies on the back nine on Friday, they never got anything really going.

Somebody once said that compatibility is when one party has ability and the other is potable. Hinkle defined it even better. After he had "feathered a nine-iron" 117 yards into the hole at the 7th for an eagle on Saturday, and Bradley, in her delight, had nearly flattened him right there on the green, he said, "When doing something like that means just as much to someone else as it does to you, it's twice as good and gives you twice the pleasure."

On Thursday Hinkle said he was nervous. On Friday he said he was "petting the feel of this thing." By Sunday he obviously had it down pat-able. **END**

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Minor miracle up north

Wayne Gretzky, 17, can't drink beer legally with his Edmonton Oiler teammates, but the youngest major leaguer is playing with the flair and finesse of an old pro



Gretzky and an Oiler twice his age, Bill Fleet

It happened a couple of weeks ago, but Wayne Gretzky still is getting ribbed about it by his Edmonton Oiler teammates. There some of the boys sat, practice over, having a few beers in the bar in the Edmonton Coliseum. And there was Gretzky, enjoying their company and nursing a ginger ale. Then the bartender came over. "Sorry, Wayne," he said, "but you've got to be 18 even to be in here." As his teammates chuckled, Gretzky was politely shown the door.

The laughter was perfectly understandable. After all, Gretzky, the Oilers' 17-year-old rookie center, hadn't ever been stopped like that before. And the way he is performing in the World Hockey Association, who knows when it will happen again.

As a 5-year-old in his native Ontario, Gretzky made a hockey all-star team otherwise composed of boys 10 and 11. At eight he was showing up 14-year-olds in Bantam League play and being hailed across Canada as the greatest phenom since Bobby Orr. By the time Gretzky was 14, he was living away from home and doing wondrous things against rivals who were 16 and older. Then last year Gretzky, having turned 16, moved to the Junior A level, where the best players are mostly 18 to 20. Playing for the Sault Ste. Marie Greyhounds, the Great Gretzky, as he was now known, scored 70 goals and 112 assists.

After all that, it came as no great surprise when the precocious Gretzky moved into the pros this season, becoming the youngest player in WHA history and the youngest big league performer right now in any team sport. The perennially struggling WHA also boasts the oldest such player, the New England Whalers' 50-year-old Gordie Howe, and

Gretzky joined the league with the same sort of ballyhoo that greeted the old man when he arrived with his two sons five years ago.

Seeing Gretzky as somebody who might fill a lot of their empty seats, the foundering Indianapolis Racers signed him to a four-year, \$1 million contract, sent him on a whirlwind round of promotional appearances and even organized a Great Gretzky Fan Club. Then last month, just eight games into the season, the financially shaky Racers peddled him to Edmonton, a stronger franchise that, unlike Indianapolis, entertains realistic expectations of getting into the National Hockey League. Peter Cockington, the Oiler president, said, "We feel that if we're going to be in the NHL, we need a superstar. And Wayne is going to be one."

Gretzky's head could have been spinning over all this, but he is a composed young man. "I was sorry to be leaving the Racers," he says, placating the 1,500 bewildered members of his Indy fan club. Then, pensively stroking some blond facial fuzz that he is careful to shave at least twice a year, he adds, "But the Oilers have shown faith in me, and I'd better produce."

To judge by Gretzky's play so far, there appears little danger of his disappointing anybody. Including three goals scored during his whistlestop in Indianapolis, Gretzky has nine goals in 20 games, and he also has 11 assists. At the same time, his fancy stickhandling and accurate passes have drawn several standing ovations in Edmonton and more oohs and aahs than many players enjoy in an entire career. Still growing at 6 feet and 168 pounds, Gretzky seems to have chicken bones for arms and spindles for legs. But he avoids getting banged around excessively by wriggling and squirming through heavy traffic. Once in the open, he has an effortless, deceptive stride that belies whispers heard in the juniors to the effect that while he had savvy, balance and a lot of other good things, he was not a strong skater.

"That was always the knock on me," Gretzky says. "Well, I feel smoother and

continued

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faster every day. As I get older, my legs are getting stronger."

When Gretzky joined Edmonton, the team had a 1-4 record. The Oilers are now 12-8 and contending for first place. Glen Sather, the former NHL player who coaches the club, gives Gretzky due credit. "Wayne has innate hockey sense like all the great players," says Sather, who played for Boston in 1966 when Orr was a rookie with the Bruins. "Coming out of his end, he always seems in position to take the pass. And when he gets the puck he knows where everybody is, the way a center is supposed to. I hate to put this on him, but a player like Gretzky comes along only once every 10 years. He's not up there with Orr, Hull and Howe yet, but he's not far away, either."

That Gretzky is already playing pro hockey does not sit well with Canadian amateur officials, who had been assured by both the NHL and WHA that juniors under 20 would not be signed to pro contracts. But those pledges were made by league offices, not by teams. While NHL clubs have abided by the gentlemen's agreement, WHA teams, buoyed by court rulings, have been signing underage players at will. And when Nelson Skalbania, the majority owner of the Racers, made his million-dollar offer last summer, Gretzky leaped at it. He eventually signed a personal services contract with Skalbania while they were flying somewhere over Alberta in Skalbania's private jet.

"I've got one semester of high school to go, and the only reason I could think of to stay in the juniors was to graduate," Gretzky says. "But an offer like that is hard to turn down."

Gretzky hoped to get his diploma while playing with the Racers and, in fact, enrolled in two courses in the adult division of Indianapolis' Broad Ripple High School. His teammates, who nicknamed him Brinks because of his big contract, took a liking to him, as did the members of the Great Gretzky Fan Club. However, after an encouraging turnout of 11,728 for the Racers' opening game—a 6-3 loss to Winnipeg in which Gretzky went scoreless—attendance dropped to the 5,000-to-7,000 level.

That settled matters for Skalbania, a Vancouver entrepreneur who formerly owned the Edmonton team. He sold Gretzky, winger Peter Driscoll and

Goalie Eddie Mio to his old club for \$850,000. Having paid Gretzky just \$60,000 so far, and since Driscoll and Mio were essentially throw-ins, Skalbania reaped a windfall; he insisted, though, that the sale was his only hope of keeping the Racers afloat.

Might it be that Skalbania had actually planned to unload Gretzky for a fast profit all along? Suspecting as much, some arate season ticket holders in Indianapolis reacted to the sale by filing a class-action suit, and the Indianapolis Star taunted the club's absentee owner with the headline **HEY NELSON, GO BACK TO SKALBANIA**. Meanwhile, the last-place Racers are 4-15-2 and apparently trying to hang on until such time as the NHL might absorb choice WHA franchises like the Oilers, at which point less choice franchises such as their own would be indemnified for consenting to pack it in.

Despite his diplomatically correct expressions of regret over leaving Indianapolis, Gretzky knows that the future is brighter in Edmonton. The NHL is interested in oil-rich Edmonton because it is a good hockey town, with a new 15,248-seat arena. The NHL also could use another western franchise or two for geographical balance. The Oilers led the WHA last season with an average attendance of 10,222, and while this year's figure is running about the same, team officials expect Gretzky's presence to send it upward as soon as the people in Edmonton stop celebrating their Eskimos' victory over Montreal in the Grey Cup two weeks ago.

In the meantime, Gretzky has made himself at home. On arriving from Indy he entered the Oiler locker room, took one look at the strapping form of Dave Semenko, a 6' 3" left wing nicknamed "Cement," and cracked, "I want this guy on my line so I can look after him." Gretzky cavors around the ice at practices with a smile on his face and actually sings along when O Canada is played before games.

But Gretzky realizes that his youth sets him apart from other pro players. He will be able to drink with the boys when he turns 18 on January 26, but the fact remains that the next-youngest Oiler, rookie Wing Dave Hunter, is nearly three years his elder, and that other teammates are old enough to be his father. Last week Pocklington ran Oiler players and their wives through a three-day "positive

thinking" course for executives that dealt with subjects such as child rearing and family finances. When the final all-day session ended, Gretzky wearily admitted, "I wondered what I was doing there."

With his parents 2,100 miles away in Bradford, Ontario, Gretzky is boarding with a family in Edmonton. Except for a 1979 Thunderbird, he has few extravagances and, rather than squander his newfound riches, submits to an allowance so stringent that teammates applauded the other day when he decided to buy a plastic scraper for cleaning ice off his windshield. Gretzky hopes to enroll in high school next month and—finally—graduate. And, he says, he means to pol around with people his own age. Of course, that didn't prevent him from taking an older woman of 18 out for dinner the other night, his first date in Edmonton.

"When I'm 23 I don't want to look back and feel I missed being a teen-ager," Gretzky says. "I want to be a hockey player and a normal 17-year-old. People say, 'Aren't you missing something playing hockey?' The way I look at it, I'm not missing anything. I'm getting extra."

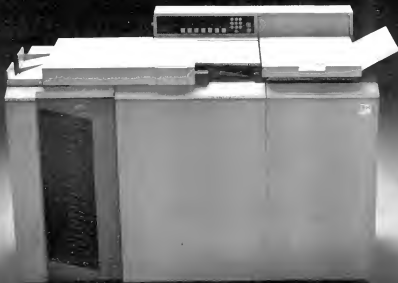
Gretzky's level-headedness is matched by his faith in his abilities. "He's confident as hell," says Sather. "He firmly believes he's going to be the best player in the world." To gauge his frustration during the Oilers' 8-2 rout last week of Gretzky's former Indianapolis mates in the Coliseum, it can't happen fast enough to suit him. He played well and picked up an assist on a goal by Wing Bill Flett, but couldn't buy a goal himself despite several good chances. One was a breakaway on which he was stopped by Racer Goalie Gary Inness. On the bench, Sather said, "You'll get the next one."

The following day Gretzky was still brooding about the missed breakaway. "In the juniors the goalie wouldn't have stopped that shot," he said, shaking his head. "The goaltending is better in the pros—that's the big difference." He brightened. "Otherwise, there isn't as much slashing and highsticking as there was in the juniors, and they let you play hockey more. I'm actually getting more opportunities than I ever did. In that way, playing here hasn't been that much of an adjustment." He was smiling now. "In fact, it's been pretty easy."

So far, that seems to be the story of the Great Gretzky's life.

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The Philly story: a tall tale



The Eagles' 6' 8" Harold Carmichael has caught a pass in 94 straight games

For seven seasons now, Harold Carmichael of the Philadelphia Eagles has been a player looked up to by defensive backs—usually after he has burned them with a pass reception that is the NFL's modern-day version of the Alley Oop play practiced by R. C. Owens in the 1950s. A 6' 8" string bean, Carmichael is both the tallest receiver in the NFL and the most dependable. He has caught a minimum of 42 passes each year since 1973, and last Sunday he extended his consecutive-game receiving streak to 94 by catching four of Quarterback Ron Jaworski's passes in the Eagles' 28-27 loss to the Vikings on the Minnesota tundra. That is just 11 games short of the NFL record of 105 set by the retired Danny Abramowicz, who played for New Orleans and San Francisco.

The elongated Carmichael (left) has teamed with Quarterback Ron Jaworski (below) to give Philadelphia more highs than lows this season



During his streak, which began on Oct. 8, 1972 when he hauled down a 21-yard pass from John Reaves, Carmichael has caught a total of 328 passes for 4,768 yards and 46 touchdowns. He has been held to a single reception in a game only 11 times. His toughest opponent clearly has been Dallas. The Cowboys conceded him one catch for one punning yard in 1972, and they permitted him just one for seven yards in a game last year.

Carmichael wasted no time Sunday getting his first reception in the 20' cold at Minnesota, which overnight had been hit by a 10-inch snowstorm. On Philadelphia's third play from scrimmage, after the Vikings had scored on a Fran Tarkenton to Sammy White pass for a 7-0 lead, Carmichael grabbed the first pass thrown by Jaworski and scored on a 56-yard play. On Philadelphia's third play of the second quarter, after the Vikings had regained the lead 14-7 on another Tarkenton pass to White, Carmichael and Jaworski again teamed up for the tying touchdown, this time from 21 yards out. In the end, a blocked extra point proved costly to the Eagles as Tarkenton moved the Vikings 90 yards to a touchdown and Rick Danmeier booted the winning extra point with only 1:49 to play in the game.

If Carmichael can manage a single reception in each of his final two games of the season, against Dallas and the New York Giants, he will pass Green Bay's legendary Don Hutson (95 games) and tie Lance Alworth, the former San Diego and Dallas receiver, for second place behind Abramowicz in the record book.

Carmichael admits that his height is an asset, but he denies that he survives in the NFL solely because of it. "I've been hearing that ever since I came into the league," says Carmichael, a native of Jacksonville, Fla., who attended Southern University and was a seventh-round draft choice of the Eagles in 1971. "But I really don't think that a man's size determines his ability. Pat Fischer was only 5' 9", but he was one of the toughest cornerbacks I ever went against. Even when I'm going to be playing a guy 5' 9", I don't say I'm going to have a field day

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He uses it often enough. Against the Jets last month, he leaped into the end zone, stopped suddenly and caught a six-yard touchdown pass from Jaworski without even bothering to jump. Bobby Jackson, the 5'9" Jet cornerback, had him well covered on the play—he was between Jaworski and Carmichael and so close to the Eagle receiver that their jerseys practically touched—but Carmichael calmly reached up and caught the ball, snaring it away from the leaping Jackson, and Philadelphia had a 17-9 victory.

The Eagles also occasionally use Carmichael to block extra-point and field-goal kicks, in that same Jet game he blocked Pat Leahy's attempt for an extra point that would have tied the score at 10-10 in the third period.

"He's a tremendous physical talent,"

says Jaworski. "In the goal-line area he's almost impossible to stop if you give him single coverage, even by someone as tall as 6'3". That's why we spend a lot of time in our goal-line preparation every week. Harold and I work all the time on the Alley Oop pass over the shorter guy and the quick out or quick slant. Once we see how the cornerback sets up, we instinctively know exactly what we're going to do. We've developed real confidence in each other. He knows where I'm going to throw the ball, and I know what type of route he's going to run."

Somewhat regrettably, the Eagles haven't come up with any exotic names for the plays designed to make use of Carmichael's height, although Jaworski must sometimes be tempted to sing out "Mount Everest Right" or "U-2 Left." His call for Carmichael on goal-line passes usually is simply "Quick 99."

For his part, Carmichael likewise has rejected the various nicknames people have tried to hang on him. Who wants


to be known as the Towering Inferno, or the Stilt, or Hoagy?

Carmichael isn't the only Eagle who has been up all season. Despite the one-point loss to the Vikings, Philadelphia has an 8-6 record and remains in strong contention for a wild-card spot in the NFC playoffs. For a team that has not had a winning season since 1966, that lost twice as many games as it won from 1970 to 1977, and has not had a first- or second-round draft choice in five years, that is no small accomplishment.

The architect of the Eagles' move toward respectability is Dick Vermeil, the 42-year-old workaholic who gave up the head coaching job at UCLA to take over as coach of the Eagles in 1976. Vermeil signed a five-year contract for a reported \$850,000, and Philadelphia owner Leonard Tose has given him free rein. Vermeil sleeps in his Veterans Stadium office three nights each week during the season, and often watches film until almost 4 a.m. In quick order, he has turned

continued

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an assortment of free agents, waiver-wire recruits and other no-names into a team that somehow hangs tough each week. Of the Eagles' six losses this season, only one has been by more than seven points.

Though he has not yet exercised a No. 1 or a No. 2 draft pick (Philadelphia will have picks in each of the first three rounds next year), Vermeil has had some success in the draft. In the sixth round in 1977 he called out the name of Wilbert Montgomery, an obscure running back from Abilene Christian, and now Montgomery has developed into one of the steadiest performers in the league. On Sunday, Montgomery carried 24 times for 115 yards against the Vikings, giving him 1,015 yards for the season and enabling him to become the first 1,000-yard Eagle since Steve Van Buren gained 1,146 in 1949.

On paper, the Eagles don't seem to have the talent to be very competitive. "We're not a great football team," Vermeil admits. "But we play like hell. We don't have to coach our guys to work hard. They do it with intensity because we set that standard in our first year, added to it a lot in our second, and now it's built-in. I've always believed in my profession, in teaching and coaching, and that if you surround yourself with the right kind of people, you can make somebody better if he's in the right frame of mind. Some players don't know how good they can be because, in a lot of cases, not enough has been demanded of them. They really haven't been tested. We demand a lot, and if a guy isn't willing to meet the demand, he doesn't stay here. And if I waive somebody, I'm not waiving a controversial No. 1 draft pick. In a way, it's an advantage."

Bill Bergey, the Eagles' All-Pro inside linebacker, says, "Dick's the type of guy who is going to work as hard as he can possibly work to become the best, and there's not going to be anything short of that. He's got the guys believing in him and has system, and it's going to be his way—it's as simple as that."

"All I think about now," says Carmichael, "is winning the next game. If we keep winning the next game we're going to be in the playoffs whether anyone thinks we should be there or not."

For Carmichael and the Eagles of 1978, that may not prove to be such a tall order.

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DARING YOUNG MAN ON A TOWER OF ICE

CONTINUED

*Its violence stilled by the grip of winter,
Bridalveil loomed high above
28-year-old Jeff Lowe, beckoning
him upward in the first solo
assault on this icefall of terrifying grandeur*
by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

It has a lyric name, Bridalveil Fall, and a majestic setting in the ragged San Juan Mountains, a mile or so above the Idorado Mine in Telluride, Colo. The fall starts at the brow of a 410-foot cliff where Bridalveil Creek drops away in a deafening cascade that generates enough power to light a sizable town. The plunging water creates violent patterns over rocky chutes and strikes angry rainbows in the mist that billows up. It hits bottom with terrible impact, and its thunder echoes in repeating detonations off the walls going down the canyon.

This is in the summer. In winter, all the violence stands paralyzed. Force has been over-

continued





ICE CLIMB

continued

powered by cold, and there is only silence. The scars from this battle between water and winter are visible all the way up the 40-story column of ice. There are knobs and odd writhings and strange gashes. Feathered arcs of frost and ice spread like angel wings along the cliffs to each side.

Bridalveil Fall is mute as marble in winter, but there is so much force locked into its frozen length that it still seems fraught with danger. There is a supernatural quality about it; it is a place where no man would care to venture.

Jeff Lowe is 28 years old, slender and bespectacled. He has long flaxen hair and the serene look of a seminary student.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WELLS A WOOD



A climber since he was seven, Lowe now teaches—and writes about—his sport

He stands looking at the fall on this late winter afternoon and says, casually, "It looks in better shape than I might have expected." He tilts his head back. "Those dark streaks up there might be a little rotten." His head goes farther back. "But it looks as if it could be O.K. all the way." Then he brings his head forward. "Climbing ice is sort of self-limiting. It's hard enough to do in good conditions without pushing yourself to climb when it's dangerous. If you're smart enough to climb ice, you're also smart enough to know when not to climb ice." He kneels in the snow and starts to rummage in his rucksack for his equipment.

Jeff Lowe has decided that today he is possibly smart enough to climb Bridalveil Fall. Alone. If he should succeed in this venture, it will be the first time that anyone has climbed it solo.

To an outsider, the prospect is frightening. Even to an expert climber, it is a daring idea. It was barely four years ago, in the winter of 1974, that two men managed to climb Bridalveil for the first time. That event is a celebrated accomplishment among climbers, described by author-climber Yvon Chouinard in his book *Climbing Ice* as "one of the most difficult waterfall climbs of the era."

One of the two men to make that historic ascent was Jeff Lowe; the other was his good friend Mike Weis. Now, as he unpacks his equipment at the foot of the fall, Lowe recalls the day. "There are not that many landmark climbs in your life. When Mike and I first tried it, Bridalveil was a total unknown. We had no idea we could do it. Technically, it turned out to be very difficult. At no time were we absolutely sure we could make it. It took us 10½ hours. At the end of any climb you always have some satisfaction—if nothing else, a kind of mellow craftsman's satisfaction. But when Mike and I got to the top of Bridalveil that first time, we started giggling and laughing. We rolled around like puppies. We slapped each other on the back. We howled and hollered. It was a little hokey, but we felt this incredible elation. Like we had just pulled off the crime of the century."

Lowe glances up Bridalveil once more and says, "There's probably not much about it today that is anything like that time we climbed it." He takes his crampons from his pack and then his ice ax. The ax has a curved and barbed point. Out comes a North Wall ice hammer; it has a similar curved sawtooth pick, but it also has a blunt end to be used for pounding in ice screws if he decides to belay on his way up. He coils a 150-foot length of Perlon rope at his waist, along with a cluster of ice screws, the pitons of "hard-water" climbers.

Lowe points out the route he will probably take: "Up the Apron about 60 feet, and that angle is, oh, maybe 75 degrees. Those lumps of ice above there are called cauliflowers or mushrooms, and there's an overhang—it could be tough. Then there might be some rotten ice—I don't like the color of it, but if it's O.K. it shouldn't be difficult. Then up there at 300 feet is another overhang. I don't know about that. If I get past all that, the last 100 feet look like they'll be

continued



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ICE CLIMB

continued

like climbing a stairway—no strain.” Most of the climb is going to be at about 90 degrees, pure vertical. Jeff Lowe finds this factor barely interesting; the condition of the ice surface is far more critical than its angle.

“The ice is wet, and that’s good. It doesn’t have that deep glossy blue that comes when it’s really cold and brittle; ice like that tends to shatter when you kick in a crampon or plant an ax. This is good because everything penetrates and bites like the ice is cork. The crampons will penetrate a good half inch—maybe more.”

This may seem reassuring to Jeff Lowe, but one must consider that the “good half inch” he speaks of is going to be the foundation to support most of his weight. In effect, he will be standing on the side of the sheer ice wall, his boot soles horizontal to the vertical surface, held aloft by the bare half inch of penetration that his front crampon points have bitten into the ice. There are two forward points on the toe of each crampon; two more below them that slant on an angle downward. Together they stabilize the scant bite in the ice and attach the climber to the side of the fall. To an observer, it resembles the human-fly form of ascension more than other kinds of climbing because a man seems to be literally sticking to a sheer, slick surface.

Looking at the frozen waterfall, the outsider finds his thoughts returning insistently to the problem of ice shattering under the ax blows. The picture leaps to mind of huge slabs of ice breaking away. Lowe says, “It involves something that one might call the ice-cube theory. If you were to take an ice cube from the refrigerator tray, isolate it from the mass and hit it, it would shatter. But if you have a large mass of ice and hit it with a sharp object, you get some shattering—but you get penetration as well. And there is another important element: in large masses of ice, there are tiny air bubbles trapped inside. In the case of a developing fracture line, the air bubbles serve to stop it. You have to read the surface; when you strike at a section of ice without the bubbles, you’ll get the sort of shattering that we call ‘dinner-plating,’ and that’s bad.”

Lowe examines his crampons. There is always the possibility of metal fatigue. He nods; they seem to be in good shape. Then he straps them on his hiking boots. He checks his ice screws and the loops of his rope. The ice screws, a Russian invention, are hollow tubes with exterior threads; they are hammered into the ice but can be screwed out. Lowe is not enthusiastic about setting a series of ice-screw belays up the fall. “It’s time-consuming. But the worst of it is that it removes the reason for soloing. If you belay constantly, then you might as well be climbing with a partner.”

The day is radiant under a brilliant sky with temperatures in the unseasonable 40s. But Bridalveil Fall maintains its mystique and its chill, for it stands in shadow throughout the day. The deep snow at the base is bluish in the shade. Lowe wallows through the last 15 yards of snow to the wide apron of ice leading up to the fall. There is a slight stagger to the pattern of his footprints; then he reaches the slick ice and he clambers up quickly on his crampons. His tracks in the snow stop abruptly at

continued

Tying off his rope, Lowe decides to climb on without it, crawling awkwardly through the tough spots, but inching ever upward





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the base of the fall, as abruptly as if they were at the brink of a precipice. It is as if the walker had jumped or fallen into space.

Lowe pauses 30 feet up the relatively mild incline of the apoon. There is a sharp, cannonlike explosion from far up on the peaks nearby. An avalanche breaks high and to the south of the fall. A slucing cascade of snow plunges down a rocky chute toward the canyon floor. A moment later, there is another boom, and another avalanche spills over the brink. They will continue all afternoon, far-off facsimiles of the way Bridalveil Fall looks and sounds when it is alive and running.

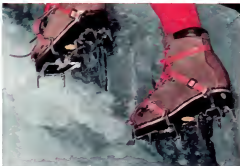
The sport of climbing ice is about as old as man's need to climb mountains. There are watercolors from 400 B.C. China that show men climbing rock; in the winter they could hardly have avoided the ice. More recent ancestors to Jeff Lowe were shepherds of the Alps who maneuvered over slick and treacherous inclines shod with three-point crampons (a bit like spiked horseshoes), carrying iron-pointed staffs. Sometimes they chipped steps into the sheer ice walls with woodchoppers' axes. Climbing rocks, climbing ice, it was all the same to them—hard labor. Indeed, the whole idea of climbing mountains for fun did not come into any kind of popularity until the early 19th century, when a few of the harder sons of British aristocracy began to do it in their abundant leisure time. At first, it was a suspect pursuit.

Many early climbers would embroider their journals with endless paragraphs of technical and scientific jargon, turning what was basically just good, dangerous fun into something that pretended to have more serious purpose. The era also offered mountaineers the excuse to pursue their sport ostensibly for patriotic interests—the cover-up motivation for being the first men to climb a certain peak. The world was willing, indeed delighted, to accept almost any pseudoscientific or patriotic reason as justification for such perilous folly as climbing sheer mountain faces. But never pure enjoyment. When two Englishmen named Frederick Slade and Yeats Brown announced in 1827 that they had just scaled the Jungfrau—and had done it simply for the fun of it—it was considered something of a scandal. Their honest lack of non-recreational justification for the expedition was seen as being somehow less than honorable, possibly even immoral, in that it put human life in jeopardy without other rationalization.

Still, as the 19th century rolled on and leisure time grew, climbing became acceptable as recreation. The theory that risking one's life climbing a mountain could be a justifiable form of pure sport became not only admissible but downright popular.

Climbing was one thing, climbing ice quite another. For those who practiced the sport, climbing ice was considered a vicious necessity, to be avoided if possible; almost no one sought ice on purpose. As Yvon Chouinard writes in *Climbing Ice*, "With its laborious step cutting, the fickle and often dangerous snow and ice was left behind for the more glamorous and dynamic rock, which anyway was closer to the essence of climbing—the age swinging from limb to limb."

There were, however, a weird and hardly few who actually found climbing ice a joy and a huge entertainment, namely, the Scots. When the Scottish Mountaineering Club was founded in 1889, one of the major pursuits of its members was winter climbing under



Kicked firmly, it delves into ice, crampons give a precarious-looking but reliable foothold

what they euphemistically called "full conditions," meaning to ascend an ice-plated cliffside in howling wind and heavy snow.

But the way of Scots mountaineers was not the way of the rest of the world—at least not until 1908, when an imaginative Englishman named Oscar Eckenstein invented the 10-point crampon. Before crampons, climbers had worn nailed boots, and they could not climb steep ice without cutting steps. This was usually accomplished by hired guides who chopped steep ladders in the ice while their toils stood patiently in queue, one above the other on the icy cliff, waiting for one handhold to be hacked out, then another, then a footrest so they could all rise another step. With Eckenstein's crampons, men could climb up quite steep inclines with no aid other than the bite of the bottom spikes.

Even though it was now possible to do it, ice climbing did not develop very far in the U.S. until the 1960s. And then it happened only as the logical aftermath to a more intense revolution that overtook mountain climbing in general. Lowe explains it this way: "I can't think of another sport that has undergone such a radical change in attitudes in such a short time as climbing. We're making climbs today—on rock as well as ice—that were sheer fantasy a few years ago. People aren't limited psychologically. There aren't any barriers of tradition. Men know now that, somehow, they are able to conquer any mountain."

continued



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ICE CLIMB

continued

Lowe began climbing when he was seven, accompanying his father on trips to the Grand Tetons. He grew to mature climbing just in time to participate in some of the more hair-raising exploits of the 1960s, that traumatic decade when everything from moon landings to hallucinogenic drugs worked to change man's perceptions about things—including the possibility of making previously impossible climbs. "Everyone was trying everything in the '60s," Lowe says. "Big-wall climbing was the thing, and there was a real aura to something like El Capitan [the famed 3,000-foot butte in Yosemite Park], a sense of mystery and risk. It wasn't that the height was so much, but that the face was so continuously steep, so sheer. You had to haul your gear up the side with you. You were hanging up there for five, six days. It was like you were leaving the earth, going on a long voyage. Of course, now those things are climbed all the time."

But so is ice climbed all the time now. Lowe is one of the acknowledged masters of the sport; his International Alpine School in Eldorado Springs, Colo. offers an intensive special course in ice only, and this winter Lowe is publishing a book called *The Ice Experience*. He estimates that there are probably no more than a few hundred truly expert "hard-water" mountaineers today, compared to several thousand first-class rock climbers. Explaining the reasons in his book, Lowe writes, "Perhaps the main difference between rock and ice climbing is that though the quality of rock can run the whole spectrum from crumbling sandstone to iron-hard granite, any given piece does not change a great deal from week to week or even year to year. Ice, on the other hand, exhibits daily, even hourly, change. A ribbon of water ice may exist only in the morning hours after a hard freeze, and by late afternoon all that remains is a wet streak on the rock."

"I'm not into bagging peaks," Lowe says. "The heavy K2 kind of expeditions aren't in the mainstream of mountaineering for me. What I like is climbing with the simplest tools, where you carry everything you need yourself. The problem with expedition-style climbing is that it results in a slow, tedious buildup which is almost bound to eliminate the possibility of a spontaneous and inspired ascent. Instead, the climber becomes something like a cog in a machine that operates in a vaguely militaristic fashion."

The optimum approach for the purist is to climb with no tools at all, but this is something sheer ice does not allow. As Lowe has written, "The rock climber may reject all tools, and even shoes and clothing, thus achieving a totally 'pure' experience. However, man is obliged to use tools to climb ice. The purity of the ice experience lies in learning to use the minimum number of aids in the most efficient manner possible."

He surveys Bridalveil Fall from a ledge above the apron. He is so small now against the mass of ice above him that it is difficult to comprehend the enormity of his presumption: that he will climb the face.

Lowe has begun his Lilliputian attack shortly after 2 p.m. Earlier, during the hike up on skis from Telluride, he had said something more profound than it might have seemed at the time. "Climbing ice is like chess games, because each climb has its own specific intricate set of problems to be

solved. But here, the intellectual problems of climbing are also physical problems."

Now it is possible to watch this physio-intellectual game progress, as Lowe's mind analyzes the opponent and then thinks out the strategic moves. It is an eerie contest: slowly he begins to rise above the incline of the apron, ascending toward the first overhang, which is set up like a defense line of mushroom pawns 100 feet above the ground.

There is a meticulous efficiency to each movement. Always he keeps three points of contact with the sheer ice face—two axes and a crampon, two crampons and an ax. The kick of the crampon must penetrate in that precise half inch, then he must rest his weight in such a way that the angle of his foot is perfect, or he will drag the tips out of the ice. His legs must be relaxed sufficiently to avoid the tension that will turn into fatigue. The snap of the axes as they bite in, one after the other, must be as exact as surgery. Each blow is delivered with a clean flick of the wrist. It is machine-like and repetitious, yet sensitive. "There is a vibration of security that you feel through the axes," Lowe had said. "It is something that you sense in your wrist, in your arm... that the ax has hit and sunk in just right."

He climbs on. He comes to a brownish streak of ice that had looked rotten and weak from below. He finds that it is firm, three inches thick. It is also transparent, and he can see water trickling over moss and brown rocks behind the ice. All through the climb, even from behind the most opaque, thick plate of ice, Lowe can always hear the gurgle of water running.

He reaches the first overhang, and it almost becomes the end of the climb, only 100 feet up. Later, he will say, "I wasn't prepared for the extreme difficulty of that overhang. There was no room to swing cleanly. There were big icicles over my head, and I definitely didn't want them to fall on me. I needed a short tool where I could swing shorter. I had to constantly counteract the urge to hurry. I got scrunched into a weird position, but I had to be sure I didn't hurry too much and end up with a marginal placement of an ax. There was lots of rotten ice. I just kept working and working until I had a bombproof placement. I moved where I could."

Lowe also committed his moves to memory; his book on ice climbing was not quite finished, and this attempt would add new material to the manuscript. A few days later, Lowe put it all down, writing in first person about the near-hypnotic concentration he riveted on this section of the climb. "A long time is required to find a way past the overhang. The problem is bold, but the solution is intricate. I lose myself in an effort to find the combination that will unlock this passage. The underside of the bulge is a cathedral apse.... I reach into a slippery hole at the point where the ice begins to jut out to form the ceiling. A small indentation is found that's just enough, but my fingers are being washed in waves of cold that seep through the wool covering. They will soon be numb and useless. 'Stay calm,' the mind instructs the body. Vision becomes acute, time slows down until there is plenty...."

Lowe works beneath the overhang for half an hour, maybe more. He plants an ax, moves his foot a few inches and

continued

ICE CLIMB

continued

kicks with his crampons, plants an ax again. He ends up in an ungainly wide straddle between two ribs of ice, one foot almost as high as one shoulder. He manages to work an arm up over the ledge, then finally makes an ax point stick. He pulls himself up onto the overhang. He has made it. But it is long after 3 p.m., and he still has more than 300 feet to go to the top.

Now he finds that his rope is snagged on a lump of ice below him on the ledge above the apron. Linked, he pounds in two ice screws, belays his rope and rappels down to free the snag. Then he quickly climbs back up along the rope to the top of the overhang; he has just managed to surmount with such desperate concentration and physical effort.

He pauses a moment, then begins the rest of the climb on a slightly diagonal route from left to right. There is a chute of brownish ice that may be too thin to climb, and the angle of the waterfall face is now almost ahead at 90 degrees—straight up, straight down. The idea of hanging from a vertical face is chilling enough to the imaginative outsider who has never done it. Yet the true orientation of a man on such a wall is even more frightening than one imagines: he is not actually standing straight up and down but must lean out a bit—backward—from the wall in order to have room to work his body and his tools.

Lowe's cautious planting of ax, ax, crampon, crampon now takes on an oddly tranquil and regular rhythm. Yet no circus tightrope walker or daredevil steeplejack ever created more tension in an audience than Jeff Lowe does as he slowly manipulates his slim body up the sheer face of Bridalveil Fall.

Later, he speaks of it with analytical detachment. "You can't muscle your way through a climb like this. You have to grope along, figure it out by yourself, foot by foot. I find great satisfaction in performing that series of similar movements over and over and over again. Each one must be done perfectly. You can never let your concentration lapse, despite the sameness of the movement. Ice climbing is a lot more alien than rock climbing. Sometimes it seems to have no connection with reality at all, but that's when you will have serious problems—when you start to let go of your ties with reality during a climb. The harder it gets, the stranger it gets, and the more you'd better be squared around in your own head."

The afternoon remains radiant, and avalanches continue to crack in the peaks and spill down the canyon walls on both sides. Now Lowe has risen above 200 feet. It is almost 4:30 p.m., and the sun will set in another 90 minutes or so. He has belayed himself above the first tough overhang, and now he has reached the end of the length of rope. He must make a decision: go on alone, with no protection, or climb back down. He pauses, holding himself on the ice face with the half-inch purchase made by his crampons, hanging comfortably out on the two ice axes by the nylon loops around his wrists.

He stands motionless for a moment, his head back, examining the route above. He decides to go for it. He pounds in another ice screw to tie off the upper end of the rope and then, for the first time, he is climbing free. He is unattached, 20 stories up and climbing.

To the uninitiated, each move, each crack of the ax or

kick of the crampons becomes a kind of unbearable climax of its own. The rope is left farther and farther below as Lowe rises a few feet, then a couple of yards, 10 yards.

He is truly aloft now, seeming almost to be afloat on that translucent surface. Leaving the rope behind is a critical transition in the climb. Lowe is acutely aware of it; later he explains what was going through his mind. "Before I decided to leave the rope, I looked up and thought about where I was going as rationally as I could. I tried to get rid of all emotion. Climbing solo is always an emotional thing, and I needed a perfectly rational calculation before I could make the decision to go higher. Below me there was no protection at all from then on. I hadn't had much anyway, but now there was nothing. I was very conscious of leaving the line. But I knew the ice was O.K., now. And I knew I was climbing better and better the higher I went."

"This is the hardest solo I've ever done—and I was well aware of that, too. But once I left the rope, I actually felt better. There was less uncertainty. There wasn't any possibility for retreat, and that made me feel sharper. More lucid. Now I could concentrate everything on going ahead, with no thought at all of going back. That's a great feeling."

Did he feel the presence of fear more without the rope than with it? "No, no more or less than before. You get to a certain point on any climb where you are high enough so that you know you are going to eat it if you fall. Once you're past that height, there is no point in thinking about falling anymore. There is always an element of fear in a climb. You need it. Fear shapes your perceptions."

He climbs smoothly, precisely. The sky is turning just toward lavender in the east; it is now after 5 p.m. The waterfall is becoming more gloomy, the colors in the ice deepening to blue and purple in a suggestion of the coming night. The snow also is turning blue, and only the high peaks and brinks of the canyon walls catch the wintry orange light of the setting sun.

Lowe comes to the threatening overhang at 300 feet. He finds that there is a small chimney rising through it. His next moves are executed with consummate care: he squeezes into the chimney and inches upward. Emerging at the top, he crawls out and over a final lip of ice. He now faces the last span of 100 feet. It is slick and sheer, straight up.

Recalling it in *The Ice Experience*, Lowe describes his perceptions during these last 100 feet of the climb. "Unleashed from the rope, body and mind feel lighter. No thoughts of failure now. Real difficulties seem to disappear. . . . Unexpectedly, there is a change in orientation, as if the ice is falling forward in front of me. I realize after a moment that my vertigo is a result of a lessening of the angle of the ice. Adrenaline spurts through my system when I look up to see that an easy slope is all that separates me from the top of the climb. But the adrenaline is wrong. To rush the climb now would be folly. . . . Every last step to the end is made as carefully as all the rest. The deep water-worn gorge at the top of the falls is a final tunnel between the climb and the other world to which I now return. . . ."

As twilight falls, he has become a silhouette against the spill of white ice at the top. Then, suddenly, he is outlined

continued

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ICE CLIMB

continued

against the sky. He waves one hand, gripping the ice as, then he disappears over the lip and, seemingly, into the sky.

It is over. Jeff Lowe has soloed Bridalveil Fall. No man had ever done what he has just done. How triumphant he must feel.

But, no. Some 20 minutes after he disappeared at the top, he reappears at the bottom, having walked through the deep snow around the side of the rock wall. He is serene, outwardly untouched by the drama of his feat. It is easy to overstate the size of his accomplishment, but Lowe's coolness over the climb nearly tips it out of proportion the other way. "This is not really the same thrill I felt the first time," he says. "Sure, this is the hardest solo climb I've ever done, but I really knew all the time that I could do it. When Mike and I went the first time, we had no idea if it was possible to climb the fall. Everything was harder, the problems more concentrated. This was a lot more mellow."

Mellow? It scarcely seems the right word to define such a feat. Still, it has been Lowe's triumph, so let him describe it as he wishes.

The moon is rising over the canyon wall, and the face of old Bridalveil Fall, as familiar in its way now as the face of a friend, catches the moonlight here and there. It glints like polished brass. Something over four hours have passed since Lowe began his climb. An afternoon has gone. The quitting-time whistle blows at the Idorado Mine and, suddenly, reality rushes back. While Lowe climbed that face of ice, men elsewhere were mining copper, catching trains, pouring cement, making money. How does Jeff Lowe's achievement fit into all that? Just what was the point of climbing an icefall?

Naturally, Lowe has fielded this houriest of all mountaineering questions many times before. "One of the biggest problems about climbing is to feel that what you are doing is O.K., and that it is worth doing. In fact, there is no point to anything you do—or anyone else does—unless you give it meaning yourself."

Lowe pulls off his crampons and straps on his skis for the moonlight run home. And one can only agree that, once having given significance to a solo ascent of Bridalveil Fall, no one could ever do it with quite the authority that Lowe did it the first time it was ever done. And certainly not with the mellowness. **END**

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FIGHTER-WRITER ABE THE NEWSBOY
BEAT A BEAR BUT LOST TO A KANGAROO

Every stand-up TV comedian has used the obit gag, the one where you don't get out of bed until you're sure your name isn't on the newspaper obituary page. With each passing year, I find myself re-searching that page for a fellow named Abraham Hollandersky. I may have missed Abe, because if he's still alive he'd be pushing the century mark.

It all started with a throw-away line in Nat Fleischer's bible of fistiana, *The Ring Boxing Encyclopedia*. Fleischer had a section reserved for pugilistic oddities that included facts like the greatest weight difference in a world championship fight—Primo Carnera (270) vs. Tommy Loughran (184). Among other gems was an item about Abe the Newsboy. It read:

"Abraham Hollandersky, known as Abe the Newsboy, a world traveler, engaged in 1,399 contests in every part of the globe, and also in 387 wrestling matches between the years 1905 and 1918. Upon retirement, he wrote a book, *The Life Story of Abe the Newsboy*. Most of his bouts were aboard naval vessels."

At the time I first read *The Ring* entry, Casey Stengel and the Yankees were driving for an unprecedented fifth straight World Series crown and Charley Dressen was rewriting the rules on grammar in Brooklyn ("The Giants is dead!"), but I put those sagas aside to chase Abe the Newsboy, or his ghost. The first thing to do, I decided, was to get a copy of *The Life Story of Abe the Newsboy*. I turned my request over to an organization called the Seven Bookhunters, "specialists in uncovering hard-to-find items." They eventually found the book, price \$6.

The Life Story of Abe the Newsboy had been published by the Abe the Newsboy Publishing Co. My copy carried the imprint NINTH EDITION. Embellized on gold on the blue cover was:

Hero of a Thousand Fights
With the U.S. Navy
GOD BLESS AMERICA

The volume consisted of 472 pages of highly individualized prose, some pictures and reproductions of letters, mostly from admirals commending Abe's marvelous cooperation with the Navy. Abe also included an incomplete roster of his bouts, similar to the listings used for the world champs in *The Ring Boxing Encyclopedia*.

In the preface to the record section, which Abe also wrote, he listed himself as the heavyweight champion of Panama and South America, with a home address: New London, Conn.; born: 1888. The preface further advised:

"Abe the Newsboy is Fistianna's most unique son. During his picturesque career, began in 1905 and yet unfinished, which is really a collection of records, he has had 387 wrestling matches and has fought 1,309 bouts under every flag of the world. Abe won the world's welterweight wrestling title in 1907, after 4 hours and 18 minutes, and at one time in Panama wrestled for 5 hours and 22 minutes. He fought five champions, among them Jack Ortega, who weighed 220 pounds and from whom he won the heavyweight title of Panama and South America in the 19th round of a scheduled 45-round bout. Today, Abe offers his service gratis to any boxing show held for charity. Below is a list of his opponents that Abe could recall."

The list discloses an interesting side-light to Abe's amazing career. He picked on no aging opponents. Everyone who entered the ring with him was in the flush of youth. To wit, some samples of those he defeated in 1915: Young Dillon, Young Sam Langford, Young Kid Thomas, Young Gunboat Smith, Young Sailor, Young Gans, Young Gallagher, Young Jones, Young Martin, Young Ketchell, Young Larry, Young Mullin, Young Statton, Young Lolly, Young Ketchell (again), Young Fitzsimmons, Young Murray and Young Chester.

The following year Abe knocked off another aspiring crop. He beat Young Peck. Young Fitzgimts (which could have been a sinus-impaired version of Young Fitzsimmons), Young McCoy, Young Manfact, Young McDonald, Young Conway, Young Johnson, Young Conner, Young White and Young O'Brien.

Abe absorbed plenty of punches in his world travels, including solid blows from a kangaroo in Australia, who scored a technical K.O. when he sent Abe sailing from the ring with a well-placed flail of

his tail. The Newsboy won at least one contest from an animal, a decision over a muzzled bear in a wrestling match at a flea circus in New York City. This time Abe's opponent wound up outside the ring, a fact that cost Abe money.

The bear made two attempts to scratch Abe's head into his thorax, irritating him to the point where he lashed out with a stout right to the bear's snout. The bear staggered and eventually floundered out of the ring, where it fell on a \$150 bass viol and kicked a few holes in a piano. The bear's owner called a halt to the hostilities to prevent further damage to his valuable animal as well as to the surrounding instruments.

When Abe went to collect his purse, theirate promoter spoke of a couple of hundred dollars worth of damages. Abe finally settled for a dollar a minute, which turned out to be \$1 because that was the length of time the bear was in the ring.

A friend of many admirals, Abe had a free ride wherever the U.S. fleet went in those peaceful days and, according to his autobiography, he had standing invitations from several Presidents to drop in at the White House. Andrew Carnegie once slipped him a \$5 gold piece for a newspaper he delivered to the billionaire's yacht. Abe repaid this kindness by including Carnegie's picture in his book. When he needed money to underwrite *Life Story* (the Abe the Newsboy Publishing Co. opened and closed with one volume), the men of the fleet chipped in and presented Abe with a roll large enough to assure him of a friendly reception at printing plants.


Abe also did a stint in the movies, capitalizing on his craggy features for tough-guy bits. The biggest crisis of his film career came when he was cast as a cab driver; he was behind the wheel before the director discovered Abe didn't know how to drive.

Abe got to know the Hollywood and Los Angeles cultural crowd of the '20s and '30s on a semi-social basis, and Damon Runyon, a journalistic and movie-writing utopian of the time, was a pal. Abe got Runyon into his book, too, in a somewhat wonderful tribute. He wrote:

"Mr. Runyon has helped me so many times I can't find words to express my feelings of gratitude to him. He is as good a fellow as he is a writer."

Unlike Runyon, Abe Hollandersky wasn't much of a writer, though he did seem to be quite a fellow.

THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS. EARLY TIMES.



1870. The first transcontinental train trip.
On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whiskey would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

Today, its smoothness is just as prized. Because we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did in 1860. So you don't have to look back to the good old days. You can look forward to its great taste tonight.



1860

TODAY

As I Did It

by JIM CRONLEY

A SAD TALE OF THREE SIXES, FOUR VODKA TONICS AND ONE EMPTY SOCK

(Writer's note: The names in this story have been changed to protect the innocent—namely, me. Besides, there is a certain amount of honor among poker players, even those who call home to say they are working late. And, for three excellent reasons, a writer can't take a notebook, camera or tape recorder into a big-money poker game. One: he might bet them. Two: the items would restrict concentration. Three: the man who let me play would have snapped me in half like a cardboard \$50 chip.)

I pulled my giddy-green automobile in front of a large ranch house with an enormous lawn, the kind that requires a full-time graze from a few yard men. I set the emergency brake. The emergency brake in my car doesn't work, but I like to hear it click. It sounds like a roulette wheel. I was here to have a go at the hedges, the kind of hedges that protect you from inflation, that is.

I knocked on a door that I would have been proud to call my wall, and was admitted by a butler who eyed me as though

he wanted to frisk me for garden tools. The mansion was part-sunken, part-elvated. It was bejeweled with oils and watercolors and sported a light fixture that the house had evidently been built around. I glanced in the mirror by the door and straightened my stop-the-presses-the-jury's-in, I-got-an-ace-in-the-hole green eyeshade. I plucked my suspenders, I waved at the mirror. No family silver or candlesticks here, boys.

Poker is an old-time recreation. It's a throwback to the head-'em-up-move-'em-out days when men were men, women did the cancan, and the suggestion of a hand of Seven-Card stud, pay to pass, one shack at the end, would get you hurt. Poker accommodates imagination. All you need are chips. Put a man behind three of a kind, blow some smoke in his face, give him a pull of straight whiskey, and he could whip his weight in irate wives.

I had been playing in a golf tournament. It was one of those rare golfing events where they pay you on your ability, not net worth, and in the true spirit of country-clubism, I was trying to forget that I belonged in the "Y" family plan. (I still think I really could keep up with the Joneses, if they would only get back from Rio.) My partner, thrilled to discover that I could make a double bogey on the 18th hole to put a lock on "C" Flight, had asked if I wanted to play poker with his friends sometime. I said sure. He said tonight, 8 p.m.

So there I was at the oversize ranch house. I had cleverly stashed \$50 in my left sock. Having played dollar-limit and pot-limit, I've discovered that folding money is better for that purpose, because change makes a give-away jingling in your socks. As I sat nervously sizing up the four other players, my legs crossed, my right one kicking field goals, I had the distinct impression that I had been called up to the majors too soon. It occurred to me that I needed another session of polish with the subway set.

"Relax," I said to myself. Aloud. The four other players looked at me. I smiled weakly. They kept looking at me, and I remembered that part of my pregame strategy was to breathe all the time.

They made small talk, and I nodded and smiled every time I heard something familiar like Tiffany's, April in Paris, Vegas and Vero Beach.

I felt like Baltic on a Monopoly board. Everybody seemed to own a company except me. After you own a company long enough, you begin to look like it.

The host was a bulbous man in his mid-50s, who had a red face, the better to disguise flushes with. He combed his hair straight back with much liquid. He was in oil.

Another player was a timid man, who hovered on the verge of constant apology. His eyes were round, like nickels. I discovered he owned some part of a bank, probably 90%.

The third owned rich parents. He wanted to be 25, but was closer to 45. He either wore a toupee or his face was crooked. He gave me some skin, presenting his palm face-up. He wore a leather shirt, open to the belt, exposing bones. He was about as far out as you can get without a return ticket. He was a Junior.

The fourth owned cattle. He had short hair and long boots, and a diamond ring that could hypnotize a cow while the brand was being applied. They called him Pard.

Oils, Banks, Junior, Pard and me. A servant took drink orders. Junior asked for something with an insect's name. I ordered two vodka tonics and accepted a big cigar. The only cigars I have ever smoked came marked "This end up" with a plastic tip on one end. I saved this one.

All of them were partially bronzed. They had taken vacations nearer the sun.

continued



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"It's like reading a player's mind..."

"Detail is one of the outstanding features of watching anything on the VideoBeam TV. I'll give you an example. I used to play defense so I like to keep an eye on the defensive end. The screen is big enough so you can see him shaping up for

a move before he makes it. It's uncanny—almost like reading his mind."

"Nobody saw it like I did..."

"For instance, I remember one tackle vividly. It was a rookie corner back playing his first pro game. Everybody had said he's not going to be any good. But I saw in great detail how he handled this first tackle and exactly how he made his move. And I said to myself, 'This guy is good.' This rookie was knocked a few times, but as the year went on he gained superstar status. And I saw all that in his very first tackle. Nobody else did, except the guy who got creamed, because you just can't experience the ferocity of a tackle like that on a tiny TV tube."

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VideoBeam TV owner.

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Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, (617) 661-9500

I was sickly white and the pulse on my left wrist was trying to jump out.

The butler told Oils that the card table was ready. It was impressive, all freshly brushed felt, with compartments, one the size of a safety deposit box.

I threw down a fifty and got two chips. I broke another fifty into tens, the lowest denominator. We cut for deal. I sliced the three of clubs. Banks, to my left, got it with the king of hearts. The game was Five-Card stud, \$10 ante. That was all they played. I said it sounded like a good game. That had once been a great line for somebody else, but it didn't work for me. They stared and I did something with my face.

It was \$50 limit, three raises. I had \$50 in chips, \$400 in bills in front of me, \$50 weaving in and out of my toes. I ordered another vodka tonic, which made three of a kind. I interpreted this as a sign of imminent greatness. As Banks slinked out cards, you could have heard GM drop a point.

I enjoy trying to break even. People who don't like to gamble have never gambled. Gambling is probably popular because you're too numb to think about anything else, too mesmerized to have any worries. Gambling makes boring events tolerable. It's like radio. Without radio, there would be few highways across the Texas Panhandle. Without the Giants-plus 3 for a buck, why would anybody turn on a TV set?

You go into a game hoping to learn a little something about yourself and perhaps life in general. And also, of course, to make a killing.

Five-Card stud is a good game. At times its simplicity is annoying (especially through the haze of three vodka tonics, when it begins to look like War, a children's game in which each player turns over a card, high card wins). Other times, you're awed when you conjure up a straight. The odds against a straight are about 250 to one.

Banks had long, thin fingers, probably from being careful with rolls of dimes. He gave me the six of spades, down. I didn't know what he gave the others. I also hoped Banks didn't. My up card was another six. Other up cards were 10, jack, trey, king. I was no longer coordinated enough to match them to faces.

The king bet \$25. The trey called and raised \$25. I nodded, tossing in \$50. Fif-

ties take more time to toss than nickels. Fifties float. Everybody else called for reasons that would have been obvious only in a scence.

I asked for another drink. Junior, his hair now cocked so the part was over his nose, said, "Right on."

Oils said, "Deal, deal, deal." Banks said, "Sorry." It looked real good on him.

I took the six of hearts. I reached out and took the six of hearts from Banks. I didn't tell them I had three sixes because my tongue had passed out.

I bet \$10. The chip stood on its edge in the middle of the table, then fell into the pile, as if it had been shot. Banks called his king-10. Oils called with his four-jack, and raised \$25. Did anybody say fours and jacks were wild? Pard, now with a pair of treys, called the \$35 and raised \$50. Junior, deuce-10, called the \$85 and raised \$50. I called a mere \$135. My sixes were now appraised at \$65 per.

If they were trying to upset me with deuce-10, four-jack raises, it was working. The pot was \$975.

Cards. Nobody was visibly helped by the new cards, except Banks, who caught a nine to accompany his king-10, possible straight. I caught a five.

My sixes still bet \$10. There were three abrupt \$50 raises, my call, then I ordered another drink and crossed my legs so the money sock was waist level.

The hands showing were:

Banks: nine, 10, king.

Pard: trey, trey, seven.

Oils: four, nine, jack.

Junior: deuce, 10, ace.

Myself: six, six, five.

The pot was \$1,775. I was in for a fifth of that amount, and a quarter of a bottle of vodka. I had \$145 left.

Cards:

Banks got a jack. Possible straight with nine, 10, jack, king.

Pard got a seven. Two pair, treys and sevens. Lordy.

Oils got an eight. Four, eight, nine, jack, possible curtains.

Junior got a deuce. Pair of deuces, 10, ace.

I had two sixes, five, queen showing.

There were no longer odds on my three sixes, because I had them, but the odds were about 50 to one, the same as odds against three aces, which seemed unfair.

The odds against Banks' straight remained 250 to one. The odds against Pard's full house were nearly 700 to one.

I was in the driver's saddle.

So I got tickled. I offered Junior some skin, which he took, then gave back, and we shook hands the way cool dudes and drunks do.

My foot went to sleep. The wealthy one. I thought somebody had cut it off and left, but glancing down I saw it was still there. I took the \$50 out of my sock, and slammed both the money and the sock on the table in front of me in a show of power.

Pard said \$50 on two pair. Oils raised \$25 on general principles. Junior's possible straight raised \$50. I called, raised \$10 and put my sock back on.

The pot was \$2,450. I had only \$10 left.

Pard turned over his hole card, and sure enough it was the last room of a full house—seven, seven, trey, trey, trey. Oils got robbed with jack high. Nobody else had anything worth mentioning, unless you like to talk about three dead sixes.

So I tore my sixes in half. Junior, his toupee now barely on, did a little dance because he had never seen anything so hilarious as a person playing poker with his savings-account money who tears sixes in half.

I gave him some skin. He gave it back. I put it in my pocket.

Pard said, "Tough luck."

I wish I knew what the Greats of the Old West would have done. The Rifleman would probably have tried to wing at least two of 'em. Hec Ramsey would have fingerprinted the deck. Duke Wayne would have punched all four of them red, white and blue. Paladin would have had a gun in his sock.

I was reminded of an old sandlot football play, called the postmortem. I would run out. The quarterback would loft a high one to me. I would get my fingertips on it, then have the wind knocked out of me. A full house does that to your three of a kind.

I excused myself to use the rest room and headed home. I rode old \$35-per-week Pinto onto the Interstate and back to the bunkhouse where the little woman was brewing up a kettle of precooked dinners.

There will be no sequel, the interest rate on grubstakes being what it is. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GARY FLOOD

COVER SHOT

Sir
"Super college basketball issue (Nov. 27): Please don't leave me in suspense, though! Did Earvin Johnson make the cover shot?"

BRIAN J. FAHEY
Chicago

• Without even ripping his turtleneck —ED

REACHING FOR THE TOP 20

Sir
"A great job of ranking the Top 20 teams. The Duke Blue Devils are the 'climbs of the country'."

DAVID DONALD
Durham, N.C.

Sir
"I'm not saying Duke isn't good, but Notre Dame is great. We'll see who's No. 1."

LEE McDERMOTT
Boca Raton, Fla.

Sir
"The North Carolina Tar Heels will be on top, led by Mike O'Koren. Everyone knows Coach Dean Smith is the basketball world's answer to Merlin the Magician."

DOLG PITTMAN
Durham, N.C.

Sir
"Michigan State should be No. 1, with two possible All-Americans in Earvin Johnson and Greg Kessler. You hardly mentioned Kessler. He led the Spartans with a 17.7-point scoring average and 9.1 rebounds per game last season. He also had a 61% shooting average from the field."

DOLG FIFE
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sir
"You write that 'UCLA isn't UCLA anymore,' yet by my count the initials UCLA appeared 67 times on 19 different pages of your college basketball issue. Not bad for a school whose 'atypique' is gone."

GARY L. GAILE
Evanston, Ill.

Sir
"Kentucky a 'have-not' team? Kentucky has two of the best guards in the country: Kyle Macy and Truman Claytor. In Kentucky there's no such thing as a 'have-not' team."

GARY HARTZ
Lexington, Ky.

Sir
"I fail to see how Iowa (No. 9) can be ranked higher than Syracuse (No. 17)."

CRAG BLACK
Camillus, N.Y.

• Maybe it shouldn't have been. See page 73 —ED

Sir
"You left out Rutgers."

RON CLISTINA
Garden Grove, Calif.

Sir
"Where's Arkansas?"

KIRK DAVIS
De Witt, Ark.

Sir
"You'll be sorry when Coach Bob Dye and Calvin Roberts lead Cal State-Fullerton to the Top 20 this year."

ALEX MUORE
Fullerton, Calif.

• No, we'll be very happy. Go get 'em, Thuns! —ED

Sir
"Your only mistake was in leaving out the Virginia Cavaliers."

DARRYL SPITZER
Richmond

RED SETTERS

Sir
"I enjoyed the article *Irish with a Touch of Loney* (Nov. 20) by Robert H. Boyle. My father spent a great part of his life breeding and running red dogs in field trials. One of my earliest memories is of riding in the back seat of an old Buick with a red setter on one side of me and a pointer on the other. Red setters are a worthy breed and it is good to see them gaining more recognition."

MARTHA E. BAYNARD
Dover, Del.

Sir
"It seems every week you come up with a new and refreshing article, and your piece on red setters was no exception. My hunting hat goes off to Robert H. Boyle."

WILLIAM GLAN
Easton, Pa.

Sir
"Your story about the Irish (and English) setters was for the dogs. Why don't you have more articles on surfing?"

MARK HALLGARTH
Norco, Calif.

OUTWITTING THE SQUIRRELS

Sir
"Jeannette Bruce is not alone (VIEWPOINT, Nov. 27). Runging Bros. never put on a show as daring as the one our squirrels performed at the Drott Yankee bird feeder I put up at a friend's house last Christmas."

For more than a month I kept devising new anti-squirrel measures, none of which was successful for much more than a minute and a half, and I became the butt of numerous jokes. Two square feet of sheet metal and eight

square feet of clear plastic sheeting inflates did the trick for else the squirrels simply got tired of the game! There was the last laugh though, because whenever I look at that hard feeder now, I'm not looking for birds. I'm looking for squirrels."

BRYNMAWR COOPER JR.
Chattanooga

DEER HUNT

Sir
"Your story about deer hunting in Pennsylvania's Potter County (The River of Autumn, Nov. 27) reaffirmed my opinion that the American sportsman is dead."

Every year on Opening Day, too many "job hunters" with high-powered rifles, CB radios and four-wheel-drive vehicles are turned loose on the countryside—all in the name of "harvesting" our wildlife. It is a disgusting scene."

BLAN JOHNSON
Olympia, Wash.

Sir
"Bill Gilbert's article hit the nail on the head concerning the wild and crazy things that occur on Opening Day. Having fished and hunted in Potter County, I too stand in awe of this vast, beautiful area. I only hope that man in his foolishness and greed will not ruin the mountains and streams of 'God's country'."

ANDY HANBARIK
Bartlesboro, Pa.

Sir
"Along with the CBS documentary *The Guns of Autumn* of a few years ago, your article ranks as one of the biggest pieces of biased journalistic propaganda to yet fuel the fires of the arrogant lobbyists and give sportsmen a black eye. How about getting back to unbiased hunting coverage?"

JERRY SCHALLER
Quincy, Ill.

Sir
"God does not shoot deer."
PETER E. PICKETT
Middleburg, Va.

VASSS FOR SOCCER

Sir
"Thank you for your confidence in my ability to devise a sudden-death system for soccer (SCORECARD, Nov. 27)."

I attended an English school, arriving on Sept. 19, 1912, my birthday. What a present! The first time I appeared on the soccer field, I found the ball at my feet. In my confusion, I kicked at it wildly, and scored a goal. Unfortunately, I put the ball through the goalposts of my own team. It took me weeks to level it down."

Soccer became my love. I practiced kick-

continued



A UNIQUE COMBINATION OF LIGHT, SOUND, TIME, AND GENIUS.

"I can't believe it."

That's the typical reaction when people hold a Casio calculator for the first time. It's hard not to feel a sense of wonder when you're holding a calculator the size of a credit card that also tells time. Or when a compact silver case begins to chirp to remind you of an appointment.

Casio genius has joined calculator and timing functions with space and energy saving Liquid Crystal Displays (LCD's)

to produce the small miracles shown here.

To begin with, there's the ST-24 Time Card. It's the size and shape of a credit card, and besides serv-

ing as a four function calculator, it tells time using the European system (13:00, 14:00, etc.). It also serves as a stopwatch, and has two timers that "beep" to signal you. With leatherette case, the Time Card costs \$39.95.



ST-24

The LC-78 Mini Card (not shown) is the same size as the Time Card, but contains calculator functions only. \$29.95.

Then there's the CQ-81. Not only does it serve as a portable desk top calculator that easily fits into an attache case, it's also an alarm clock with two timers and 1/2" high numerals.

The CQ-81 also features a battery life of 10,000 hours,

which frees you from worrying about the batteries for at least 1 1/4 years \$39.95.

Finally, we have the MQ-5 Closed, it reveals the time through a window in the attractive case. Open, it contains a 4 function calculator. A timer. Two independent alarms. And a calendar that displays year, month, date, and the day of the week. An awesome achievement that weighs only 2.6 ounces. With a soft, suede-like pouch, \$69.95.

See your Casio dealer. He has all four miracles in stock.



MQ-5

CASIO®
We don't just build good calculators.
We invent them.



ST-24

Use the shampoo the pros use.

Great-looking hair starts with the right shampoo. And the right person to buy it from is a pro. Like your RK barber stylist.

He'll sell you on RK Protein Concentrate Shampoo Ready-to-Use. With its unique protein, CPP Coteptide™, it gives hair the help it needs.

This is the shampoo knowing barbers work with. Let it work for you. Check your Yellow Pages for the pro nearest you.



You can trust the 3000 salons dedicated to the RK promise good looks based on science.

RK

PROTEIN CONCENTRATE SHAMPOO

19TH HOLE CONTESTANT

ing the ball against the gym wall by the hour. In 1913 I was center half on the second team and looked forward to taking that position on the first team in 1914. Unfortunately, World War I intervened.

You asked me to find a way to cut out the extra time periods when the score is tied. I give it to you: raise the height of the goal crossbar by two feet, increase the width of the goal by two or three feet and eliminate the center halfback from each team. Many more goals will be scored. The drama will be heightened. After all, shooting goals is what brings the excitement. If the elimination of one defender doesn't do the trick, eliminate one or maybe both fullbacks. You'll find it simplifies the problem.

At present in soccer, there are too many feet in the way, spoiling the shot at goal.

Now if you'd like to eliminate domination of the game of basketball by outsized giants, give me a call.

JAMES H. VAN ALLEN
Newport

ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

Sir:

Having been a Seaway pilot for some 18 years on the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario and a shipmaster in offshore trade, I have developed some ideas relative to Seaway winter navigation that have apparently been overlooked by the participants in this hotly contested issue (*A Winter of Discontent Heats Up*, Nov. 20).

I feel that the employment of saltwater ships on the St. Lawrence above Montreal in winter would be minimal because, I believe, few owners would engage their ships in a trade so apt to result in high insurance costs, tugboat and icebreaker assistance costs, higher tariffs, higher pilotage rates and, most of all, costly delays caused by ice damage and/or periods of limited visibility whenever the water is exposed to below-zero F. ambient temperatures.

The most likely prospects for winter navigation on the St. Lawrence would be the Russians, who have cargo vessels strengthened for use in ice in the Baltic and the White seas, and whose government subsidy would offset financial losses caused by delays. This leaves the 730-foot lake vessels that carry the preponderance of Seaway bulk cargoes: iron ore and grain. These ships are not designed for navigation in ice and would be subject to the same risks as saltwater vessels, both financial and physical.

Therefore, with greatly reduced traffic and much higher costs during the winter months, I see little justification for the expenditure of large sums of taxpayers' money to make winter navigation on the St. Lawrence possible, especially during this period of high inflation when the entire country is seeking relief from excessive spending.

JOSEPH J. STOKANIK
Missouri, N.Y.

Sir:

I posted over Robert Boyle's article on the St. Lawrence River and found myself reminiscing about the 25 summers I spent at my father's house on Wellesley Island.

The St. Lawrence Seaway project of the '50s made a permanent scar on the river by changing the contour of many of the Thousand Islands and deepening the channel to allow ocean vessels to pass through to the Great Lakes. The freighters do add an international flavor to the backwoods and are quite elegant at night as they slip quietly by. However, they have failed to provide the financial success that many were led to expect by those who encouraged the Seaway.

It was not until 1976, when a barge full of No. 6 crude oil hit a shoal off Wellesley Island and then proceeded to an anchorage about four miles upstream, spilling oil all the way, that the majority of the islanders began questioning the Seaway. That oil spill did damage to the environment and to the tourist trade. All the islands hit by the oil and all the boys in which the oil collected still bear the scars.

I cannot see how it would be possible to create a safe winter passageway. It would not only endanger the environment and the lives of fish and game but it would also jeopardize the lives of the islanders. Many depend upon snowmobiles to get from island to island and to the mainland in the winter. With open water, it would be impossible to live on some islands during the cold months. Game animals also have certain paths across the ice that would be blocked by open water. And fish would be disturbed from their winter habits. I hope you will keep us informed of the outcome of this controversy through future articles.

JAMES E. HOFFMAN
North Hollywood, Calif.

FISH STORY

Sir:

Spetsmm of the Year? Why Syracuse Center Roosevelt Bonie, of course. He managed to catch five muskie "whoppers" in Oneida Lake (*The Top 20*, Nov. 27) even though most world-class fishermen would have trouble finding five muskies in that well-eyed pike-filled lake. Give Rose a dunking for his fish story.

BARNEY FIFE
Hemlock, N.Y.

• They were walleyes.—ED

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

I have read the letters in your latest issues and I can't believe some of the candidates proposed for SI's 1978 Sportsman of the Year award. There's only one person who deserves the award, Tom Smeva, two-time USAC driving champion.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Spokane

continued

We salute Orville and Wilbur on the 75th Anniversary of the first powered flight.



The Wright Brothers conquered the sky, where so many others had failed.

They flew their primitive flyer with its sputtering engine for a breathtaking 12 seconds over a distance of 120 feet. And they changed our world forever.

Every school child knows how their story ends, but the incredible part is how it all began.

On December 17th, the 75th Anniversary of the first powered flight, live the human side of their adventure with them. "The Winds of Kitty Hawk," an original two-

hour teleplay, will star Emmy Award-winner Michael Moriarty and David Huffman in a Charles Fries production.

**It's on NBC-TV,
Dec. 17 at 8 P.M. (ET),
7 P.M. (CT) and 8 P.M.
(PT).**

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New National Smoker Study:

Merit Taste Impresses Toughest Critics.

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What do smokers of high tar cigarettes—the toughest taste critics of low tar smoking—have to say about low tar MERIT?

Read what they thought in a new, nationwide research effort.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT. And current MERIT smokers reported:

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is the first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.



Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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